JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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By JOHN BULL, Junr.

"A Man is the Architect of His Own Fortune."

THIS was a very wise remark on the part of some philosopher who was no doubt born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It's very easy for a fellow who starts life on £100,000 to preach to other people and tell them that their future is in their own hands, and that they may carve it as they please, supposing they don't get rheumatics to stop their bit of carving. I suppose, however, that what the writer meant was that if every man used his brains and the natural intelligence he possessed he might hope to be comfortable in his old age. That is quite true up to a point. For instance there are some farmers and horsekeepers who never think for themselves, but just go on blindly the same as their noble ancestors did, of whom they speak so proudly, and then they wonder why, in the year 1906, they don't succeed with 1806 weapons; whereas if they used the latest products, proved by science and experience to be the best, they would save money as they went along and be able to retire before they were too old to be able to enjoy it. If you ask me what that food is I should say it is Molassine Meal, and if you want more particulars about it just write to The Molassine Co., Ltd., 36, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

John Bull jr.

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*Occupation.
*What is your Age?
Sex.

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Vol. III. No. 70. Saturday, October 5th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

Last week we published the drawn numbers relating to our issue of August 24th. The following claims have been received in respect of the issues of August 17th and 24th. Cheques have been forwarded accordingly.

Mr. H. J. HARDING, 211, Northumberland Park, N. (in respect of No. 388698, Aug. 17th).

Mr. SAMUEL WALKER, 5, Corporation Road, Nottingham (in respect of No. 469960, Aug. 24th).

As we have, up to the time of going to press, received only one claim in respect of our issue of August 24th, we repeat the ten numbers.

506,062	535,094
469,960	478,955
484,272	482,268
508,725	531,331
471,919	494,546

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 31ST.

121, 521	136,236
62,442	120,361
143,004	120,687
117,783	114,613
94,969	75,356

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 7TH.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, October 7th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 9TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 7TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The United Kingdom Alliance is giving the Government a lead in regard to next session's Licensing Bill. We are to have local control of licences; a brief time-limit for compensation (which is paid by the trade itself); Sunday Closing, by either law or Local Veto; election-day closing; club regulation; raising of the age limit for serving children, and "the gradual abolition of the barmaid system." But why not Saturday and Monday closing? These are the two big drinking days. We must be getting our amendments ready.

The Bishop of London has been preaching to a congregation of financiers, "fashionable ladies," and stenographers in Wall Street, New York, and has been telling them that capitalists should regard themselves as trustees, rather than owners, of their wealth. By way of illustration he pointed to Fulham Palace, and asked, "Should not I be regarded as a madman if I claimed to be the owner of the place?" And, verily, the papers seriously report such piffle as solemn argument! But take it as it stands. What does it come to? Merely that you are to make all the use you can of what your particular circumstances enable you to enjoy—and leave them to somebody else when you die. What then is the difference between the Bishop and the millionaire—except that whereas the latter may, and often does, leave a portion of his wealth to charities and public objects, the Bishop's palace and its comforts are always reserved for another Bishop. And, by the way, why doesn't Dr. Ingram preach a special sermon to the wealthy clergy, whose wills are constantly being proved at huge sums, and certainly do not seem to have been framed upon the principle of the public trusteeship of wealth?

The Countess of Montignoso, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, having got herself safely married in London, we trust she will settle down and use her best endeavours to be happy ever after. According to an evening newspaper, she "left all the details to Mr. William Le Queux, the well-known novelist, who generally stage-managed the affair." In addition to being stage manager, Mr. Le Queux was also one of the witnesses. What was the gentleman doing in that galley? The secret is not for us. But, being the heroine of a long-drawn-out romance, interspersed with fleeting moments of tragedy, what more natural than that the lady should turn for assistance in her hour of need to one who has made romance his speciality? By-and-by it is probable that Mr. Le Queux will turn the lady into a book, if not forestalled by some other enterprising person with his weather-eye on the realities of life. We can almost see the chief characters moving through the glowing pages. As thus: Villain, a Crown Prince, no better than he should be. Heroine, a Crown Princess, all that she ought to be. Tutor, who elopes with Crown Princess. Child of Crown Princess, daughter of Crown Prince, born five months after elopement. Novelist, who invites Crown Princess to his villa in Italy. Musician, who meets Crown Princess at house of novelist, supplants tutor, and marries her in London. Other characters to mix. As will be seen, the novel is all but ready-made. Given a month of nights, and it could be in the hands of the publisher. What says the editor of the *Family Herald*?

It is rumoured that between now and the resurrection the report of the Police Commission will be presented to Parliament. We understand that the members have already ceased to take evidence, and that they are carefully re-reading it with a view to arriving at a decision. Meanwhile, the West End police have attracted the attention of their superior officers by not making the average number of street arrests in the division, and have been carpeted on that account. Also it is noticeable that, zealous for their cloth, certain police have reported West End flats within the meaning of the Act, and have been utterly disbelieved by the magistrates on their oath. This sort of thing is neither good for the police nor good for the public, and if the Commission can by any means hurry up with their report and recommendations, they may become a boon and a blessing.

One of the papers makes the foolish proposal that there should be examinations for women before they become wives. If all the prettiest and all the most delightful women were the most intellectual and the best able to turn out pie and pudding warranted harmless to the most delicate digestion, much might be said for the proposal. The fact is notoriously otherwise. Tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Askelon, but a percentage of stupidity in a woman is by no means a marriageable disadvantage, and may easily be a charm. The wise man who wrote Solomon knew that there was more in a wife than could be got out of her by examinations, written or oral. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honour are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." That is the sort of wife men are looking for in these days—and they may thank Heaven if they get her. But they won't get her by examination—at least, not public examination.

We observe that somebody has been calling attention to the fact that many medical men are shareholders in brewery companies. It would be interesting to know how many clergymen the lists also contain. We recently looked through the share registers of some of the leading Mining Companies and other highly speculative concerns, and were struck with the large proportion of "Reverends." We also know a leading bookmaker who has a standing order from a clergyman to put him a sovereign on every first favourite—and who regularly receives his cheque for the loss!

That was a noble act of those "Socialist miners of Wattville" to subscribe the amount of the fine and costs inflicted upon a poor Grantham labourer for "not sending his son regularly to school." The man earned 15s. a week, and had six children to keep, his bread bill alone absorbing half the amount. But the Chairman of the Bench told him that "bigger families had been brought up on that amount, and that he must *try to make better use of his income.*" Reckless devil—wasting a shilling a day on bread! Why, it comes to three halfpence a head of the family! Such wickedness must be put down with the strong hand of the law. Thank goodness we have such men as Major Longstaffe, Chairman of the Grantham Bench! We drink his health—in vinegar. Long life to him—on three-halfpence a day.

We notice that there has been a "United Christian Conference" on the subject of Sunday Trading. It was presided over by a Mr. Branscombe, who is evidently of a logical turn of mind. "They must be consistent," said he, "and if they travelled in the 'bus or the tram on Sunday, they must not condemn those who sold winkles." But he didn't go far enough. They must not drink milk left at the house on Sunday, nor read a newspaper printed on Sunday; nor the Monday papers, which are prepared on Sunday; nor must they send their Sunday dinner to be cooked at the baker's; nor must they let the verger or chapel-keeper light the stove

to warm the church; nor must their servants do any work; nor must the lamplighter or the policeman come out; and the ships on the sea must cast anchor, and the fires must go out. That is, if you are to be "consistent." Of course, if you once admit that public safety, public interest, health, and other considerations are to come in—well, then you give away the whole case, and leave every man to judge for himself. Cold dinners give some people indigestion, and wet feet mean sudden death to others. Come, Mr. Branscombe, let us be "consistent."

But another of the speakers must really have one of our "Biscuits." He described himself as the pastor of an East End church, and stated that frequently the services had to be suspended owing to the noise made by street hawkers—"*many of whom were selling race-cards.*" We really did not know that the "Continental Sunday" had got so far. Where are these race-meetings held? And why are the results never reported? Are they under the Rules of Racing or of the National Hunt? Or—is the reverend gentleman a story-teller? We notice that his name is Kydd.

Many people like pleasant Sunday afternoons, and don't know how to get them. It has long been the aim of P.S.A. societies, in general attached to chapels, to provide them within the strict limits of spiritual propriety. At the Liverpool conference the other day one speaker dared to suggest that P.S.A.'s should "Christianise dancing and whist, like billiards and bagatelle." This proposal appears to have been received with caution in an atmosphere of reserve; but when another speaker revealed that he knew of one P.S.A. which intended to celebrate its harvest festival by a sixpenny hop, mixed, cries of "Shame" rent the air. One delegate said he did not so much mind women dancing with women and men with men, but——. Our own views are that dancing is certainly wicked when you don't know how, and that otherwise it is a waste of time and a frivolity deliberately designed to find employment for chaperones. When, therefore, a reader of religious thought is prepared to condone such a spectacle as Jack Jones hopping it with Bill Bailey, and Sweet Marie with Sister Mary Jane, we feel sorely troubled in spirit at the moral degeneration of the times. If we are to fall from grace, for goodness sake do not let us rush down to our fate by means of a P.S.A. sixpenny hop.

One of the worst evils of party politics is that they make it so hard to discover the truth about controversial questions. Here, for instance, we have the *Daily Express* singing a Te Deum over the reduction of rates in London boroughs. The "Municipal Reformers" are said to have saved no less than £280,000 since they came into power. On the other hand, the *Tribune* talks of "broken pledges" and "the failure of the Moderates." "Necessary improvements in both sanitation and structure," we are told, "have been postponed in order to show a fictitious 'saving.'" And now it is stated that this Moderate, economical Council has actually spent £10,000 on flagstaffs for schools, presumably for the ridiculous imbecility known as "Empire Day." Think of it, ten thousand golden sovereigns for childish flag-wagging, when men and women are dying of starvation! If the English people will stand that, they will stand anything.

We always anticipated that the madness of municipal Socialism and the tyranny of mummers would one day culminate in the endowment of a playhouse out of the rates. This wicked folly is now threatened at Liverpool. It is true that some busybodies propose to present the theatre to the town in the first instance, Carnegie-fashion, but the unfortunate ratepayers will doubtless have to pay for its maintenance, whether or no they happen to be bored or scandalised by its plays. Of course the enterprise will not pay. How are grocers and apothecaries and other exponents of bumbledom to master the intricacies of theatrical management? And, even if they could all of a sudden become impresarios of the first rank, where would they find clever actors or clever plays?

Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate—in honour of whose birthday, it will be remembered, the Prime Minister last year declined to adjourn the House of Commons—is at it again. He recently went to an afternoon concert, and was so moved by "the beautiful voice and lovely face" of the chanteuse-in-chief that he went home, swooped down on pen, ink, and paper, waited till his eye was in fine frenzy rolling and his divine afflatus fully inflated, and then reeled off the following touching impromptu:—

"None can resist the dual charm by which thou dost ensnare,
Either thou singest far too well, or else thou art too fair;
For we who listen to thy voice forget thy face to view,
And those who in thy face rejoice forget to listen, too."

All we can say is that if this is true, it is hard lines on the lady. For a singer to possess at one and the same time a face which makes people forget to listen to her voice, and a voice which makes people forget that she has a face, is one of those misfortunes to which nobody but a Poet Laureate like Mr. Austin would have thought of drawing attention. The lady has the honour of our poignant sympathies.

At a banquet in Canada the Bishop of London is reported to have said, "We want you to help our healthy young fellows to come out here and lead a real man's life instead of the dog's life they live at home." This seems rather strong meat. The fact of the matter is that the healthy young fellow who can make headway in Canada is not the sort of young fellow who need go there. We are by no means persuaded that health and grit are played out in this country, or that they are synonymous with a dog's life. It has become too much the fashion for representative Englishmen on a brief holiday in Canada to flatter the Dominion at the expense of the mother country. Canada wants our best young blood, and will accept it gladly enough. It does not offer an enthusiastic welcome to our middlings and wastrels. But we want our best young blood for England, where there is still plenty of room for it, let the croakers, the pessimists, and the emigration agents say what they will.

According to the Rev. T. O. Price, Vicar of Layer-de-la-Haye—wherever that may be—persons addicted to the nefarious habit of smoking cigarettes may cure themselves by auto-suggestion. It seems that just before going to sleep they should say, "I no longer care for cigarettes," tell this pale lie to themselves for a few evenings, and the end is accomplished. Mr. Price says he has cured himself of pain in this way, so that auto-suggestion does not appear to be limited to the smoking evil. Ladies and gentlemen should therefore try it for toothache, pains in the back and loins, furred tongue, spots before the eyes, warts on the fingers, callosities on the toes, loss of memory, dimness of sight, and whisky on the brain and liver. Its simplicity is its greatest charm. All that is needed for success is that virtue of patience, without which so much of our human effort is labour in vain.

Congratulations to Boots, the Limited Liability chemists. They were recently summoned by the Pharmaceutical Society, an organisation of retail chemists, for selling somebody's patent tonic tabloids containing strychnine, "in a bottle not labelled with the name and address of the seller." It was a little matter of trade jealousy, you see. Boots were duly fined for an offence within

the meaning of the Act. But everything comes to him who waits. Boots waited, and then sent round to the shop of the ex-President of the Pharmaceutical Society for those same tabloids, which were likewise supplied "in a bottle not labelled with the name and address of the seller." Whereupon they had the law of him instanter, also according to the Act in that case made and provided, and the ex-president of the Pharmaceutical Society has had the infinite infelicity of paying £15 6s. in fines. He is now believed to be studying Shakespeare, and to have already got as far in his studies as to appreciate the wise Polonius: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel."

A story of the "birth of triplets in the hop fields" which recently appeared in the press has given the Registrar of Births a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Seeing the paragraph, and believing it to be authentic, he caused inquiries to be made at every hop farm in order to be sure that the birth was duly registered. That innocent Registrar has now a high appreciation of the inventive faculties of certain Fleet Street penny-a-liners.

It is not the first time that we have drawn attention to the too prevalent custom of newspapers nowadays to get prominent cricketers and footballers to write—and often to write badly—in regard to matches in which they themselves figure. As journalists are aware, these articles usually require a lot of sub-editing before they are fit to be published, and even then they are inclined to be curiously one-sided. And now the *Daily Telegraph* announces that Major Trevor, manager of the M.C.C., will act as its special correspondent during the forthcoming Australian tour. Now, we do not hesitate to say that the general reader would place more reliance on information coming through the ordinary journalistic channels. Truly, of amateur journalists there are enough and to spare. The Institute of Journalists is meeting in conference in Scarborough as we write. Could they not manage to ship a few of the above sort off to the Antipodes?

Another example of paying your ha'pence and taking your choice:—

Daily Chronicle.	Daily Mail.
Aeroplane's Fall. — Mr. Bleriot was picked up unconscious, but it is believed he will recover.	Mr. Bleriot was badly cut about the nose and face, but was quickly on his feet attending to the wreck of the aeroplane.

One of our readers urges us to take up the cause of the girls employed at some of Lyons' establishments. He says that at the Trocadero wine bar the attendants have to work from noon till one in the morning, and that it is two o'clock before they get to bed; and, further, that their food is so poor that they have to send out and buy other with their own hard-earned money. We do not vouch for the accuracy of these statements, but if they be true, we suggest to Messrs. Lyons that even if their dividends be reduced a fraction, it is desirable that such white slavery should cease.

We are surprised to read this from an *Express* correspondent:—

> The motor-carriage trade in Berlin is in a bad way. Of 700 vehicles plying for hire 400 are in the hands of receivers, having been seized for debt. Many drivers are returning to horse vehicles.

But we miss the familiar line at the bottom: —

> Germany is NOT a Free Trade Country.

When we wrote with regard to the Thames river steamers in April last that "there was too much of the ornamental and too little of the practical in the management of the traffic," and that "those who have had experience of how these things are done on the Tyne, the Clyde, and the Mersey will appreciate the point," our hope was that better management and a little economy would have put the service on a permanent footing. But with an anti-steamer majority at the L.C.C. and the bad weather, our hope was soon dissipated.

Even under present conditions, however, it has been proved that in fine weather there is no reason why the boats should not pay, and the deputations which are being appointed from Deptford and other places to wait upon the Council with a view to a portion of the service, at least, being kept up during the winter, show that the need of such a means of communication is being increasingly recognised. The river traffic paid well for many years, but it was ruined on that sultry and misty September evening in 1878 when the "Princess Alice" was run down by the "Bywell Castle," with an appalling loss of life. With the passing away of all feeling of danger, and despite other means of conveyance, there is no valid reason why the usefulness and the glory of the great water highway should not be resuscitated. At any rate, it is well worth a try.

Cannot Sir J. Crichton Browne be induced to take a rest? Scarcely a week passes but he addresses an Undertakers' Congress or a Sanitary Inspectors' Association. A new danger to humanity is discovered in each address. It may lie in Harris Tweeds, or chlorodyne lozenges, or liqueur chocolates. The awful vices of vinegar drinking and lemon eating are ruining our factory girls. However, there is one serious ill that Sir J. Crichton Browne has not diagnosed. The British nation is being talked to death. And now that we have revealed the evil to him we greatly fear that he will try to cure it on the homœopathic plan—*similia similibus curantur*.

Hunnable the heroic has a bad habit of not getting up early enough in the morning. The other day he bore down like a whirlwind on the Returning Officer in the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, where the bye-election was in progress—but without his nomination papers. Five minutes later he turned up again with the papers, but as there was a flaw in each, the election had to go on without him. It is now about time Hunnable retired from the election business and got some nomination papers filled in for a Cranks' Institute. He is evidently no hand at electioneering, for he is too late every time—either with his nominations or for the Returning Officer's collection. If he were a bird he would just miss the worm. A pathetic fate dodges his footsteps everywhere. Let him therefore take the wings of the morning—and fly.

Until further and fuller details of General Booth's latest social scheme are to hand, it is difficult to say very much about it. A university of humanity to train students in the healing of broken hearts undoubtedly looks like another long-felt want; but we are not so sure that it will prove a new idea, or even turn out a very substantial old one, when the General has fully planned it out. All we know of it at present is that he "wants a university for men and women to deal with broken hearts and to teach people how to reclaim the criminal and the drunkard, and to rescue the children of the daughters of shame and all miserable people of the human race." On the face of it, the scheme does not seem to amount to much more than an assembly under one roof, and that the roof of the Salvation Army, of copies of various social organisations at present in existence. Take the Religious Tract Society, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, the Charity Organisation Society, the London Female Guardian Society, the Magdalen Hospital (Home for Penitent Females), the Foundling Hospital, the Ragged School Union, the Inebriates' Reformation and After Care Association, the Society for the Study of Inebriety, and a few other societies of the kind, and put

them all under the control of General Booth and the Salvation Army, and there you have your University of Humanity ready made. It is not easy to see, in fact, what else it can be. We therefore beg those millionaires to whom the General appeals to withhold their hands until he is more explicit. Agencies of the kind will not accomplish more effective work because they are centralised in the person of the General or his successor. On the contrary.

Another vicar, he of Carisbrooke, is in search of the ideal curate, having lost the one he had—so valuable a specimen of that rapidly disappearing species that no fewer than thirty-eight vicars were in competition for his priceless services. "We must either find a substitute for curates," says the vicar, having taken thought concerning this startling revelation, "or else the laity of the Church will have to make the position of curates more attractive by providing them with a living wage, and the curates will have to make themselves more indispensable and generally useful." What the uses of most curates and some vicars really are is not for us to determine. But as we said some few weeks ago, there can be no doubt that curates are grossly underpaid on the theory that the Church is in need of young gentlemen with brains. In many vicarages the curate is a little above the church-cleaner and a little under the housemaid, the vicar employing him to take care of sticky boys and the vicar's wife using him to run errands. Thus it has come about that there are more curacies than curates to fill them. Every year it would seem that fewer and fewer young men with brains as aforesaid are to be lured into holy orders, and it has come to pass that, for such as are going, vicars as keenly compete as flies for a treacle pot. Probably the species will soon be as extinct as the diplodocus.

We have no special love for the policeman "on the beat." On the other hand, we have no special admiration for counsels of perfection either. "It is the duty of the police at all times to restrain themselves, and never to use violence, no matter how much they be provoked," says a Willesden magistrate. If this is the fact, then the sooner the truncheons of the police are taken from them and they are armed with feathers for tickling the wilfully aggravating the safer will the blues be from magisterial homilies. Whether they will be safer from the attentions of street ruffians, burglars driven up in a corner, or semi-detached females in a state of disorderly inebriety is another story. However much it may be desirable, it hardly seems reasonable to demand from a policeman that in all circumstances he shall take everything and give nothing. All men are human; a policeman is a man; therefore—well, "twice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, but thrice is he who gets his blow in fust."

The Great Moralist.

The great author, being lazy and disinclined to do any more work, picked up an old play which had proved a frost.

"It needs something warm to drive out the frost," he reflected.

So he put in Piccadilly Circus.

And the public, being foolish folk, instead of going to see Piccadilly Circus, which is a free show, crowded into the Lyceum.

So the great dramatist also became a great moralist, and positively raked in the shekels.

And being a great moralist, he sang a religious melody, "Glory for me."

But a mere ordinary, every-day man, if he had tried to make his picture post-cards more saleable by deepening their cerulean tints, would have gone to Holloway Castle instead of Greeba.

Which shows the advantage of being a Great Moralist.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

Award No. 380.

For stating that, out of "a total of 28 yearlings, which collectively realised upwards of 43,000 guineas, only two have won a race,"

THE *STAR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 381.

For enjoining its readers, under the heading "Fashion Don'ts for Men": "Don't wear a Norfolk jacket with trowsers,"

THE *YORKSHIRE WEEKLY POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 382.

For alluding to "these sordid tragedies from which Cardiff has unfortunately been free for some time,"

THE *SOUTH WALES ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 383.

For stating, in a letter to the People of the Parish of St. John's in the Rural Deanery of Greenwich, "I have arranged that this week shall include two Sundays,"

THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

PROSECUTION OF "JOHN BULL."

Summonses Issued.

As announced in our last issue, the City Solicitor has determined to test the legality of the scheme, set out on page 1, whereby we select, by ballot, a certain number of Special Canvassers, every week, to further the sales of this journal. In the opinion of this legal luminary, the scheme is a "Lottery"; and summonses have now been issued charging us with the heinous offence that we

> Did unlawfully publish a certain proposal and scheme for the sale of certain tickets and chances, to wit, tickets and chances bearing distinctive numbers and printed upon the outer covers of a newspaper called John Bull, in a certain lottery not authorised by any Act of Parliament, to wit, a proposal and scheme called "John Bull's Weekly Ballot Scheme," contrary to the Statute, etc.

Sounds very terrible, doesn't it? Fancy our cover being a Lottery Ticket! Perhaps it may also be a railway, or a theatre, or a tramway ticket; or a pawn ticket, or a soup ticket. What says the City Solicitor? Now that the summonses have been actually issued, however, we must not discuss the merits of the prosecution, assuming there to be any. As we have already stated, nothing but the judgment of the highest tribunal to which we may be entitled to appeal will satisfy us that there is anything illegal about our scheme—and, incidentally, we shall be delighted at the opportunity the pending proceedings will afford of vindicating its absolute bona fides—in contrast to the fraud of Limerick Competitions.

Meantime, we again direct the attention of the City Solicitor to the fact that Throgmorton Street is still daily obstructed by stockjobbers and others, who, in the words of the Street Betting Act, "frequent" it for "the purpose of wagering"; that the perpetrator of the Wyrley outrages is still undiscovered, and that Limerick lotteries and frauds abound within the City area; and we again venture to suggest that the police authorities might be better occupied in dealing with these evils than in interfering with an honest and harmless scheme, which costs nothing to anybody but ourselves, and brings pleasure and profit to people all over the country.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.—V.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Throughout these somewhat rambling and discursive reflections I have, so far, not dealt with the position of "Mr. Speaker"—he who, by the dignity of his office, the extent of his powers, and, in the case of the present occupant of the Chair, the force of his personality, overshadows and eclipses all other personal elements of the House.

"The Mouth of the House."

This is the Speaker's real title. How old the office is nobody knows. For just as once upon a time England was not divided from the rest of Europe, so the Commons once sat with the Lords, adjourning, it is believed, now and then for separate deliberation; but under what kind of presidency is unknown. All the authorities, however, are, I think, agreed that the position of "Mr. Speaker," under its present title, was created in the year 1376—just as "Member of Parliament," with its modern abbreviation of "M.P.," followed the Restoration. The Speaker, it is unnecessary to remind you, is the First Commoner in the land—both by ancient custom and by Act of Parliament. His rank is defined by various enactments, but, for practical purposes, is governed by 1 William and Mary, c. 21—as the lawyers would say.

The Present Speaker.

The present occupant of the Chair is Mr. James William Lowther, who nominally "sits" for Mid-Cumberland. I say "nominally" because, as Speaker, he is practically precluded from taking any part in the debates of the House—although I doubt not that his constituents consider themselves well recompensed by the high honour conferred upon their representative. I first saw Mr. Lowther on the second day of the present Parliament. I had gone down to the House to take my seat, and Mr. Lowther, who had the previous day been unanimously re-elected Speaker, was standing on the steps of the Chair, announcing to the assembled members that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to approve of his election—a Royal prerogative dating from very ancient days, and now little more than a formality. I was at once struck by the strong personality of the man. His presence is courtly and dignified; his voice, musical and reverberating; his elocution, perfect; and there is, withal, that undercurrent of humour and man-worldliness in his eyes which indicate the broad-minded, even-tempered, and judicial temperament he has proved himself to possess. I have no previous personal experience to go upon, but I echo the sentiment of all the old members when I say, "Never was there such a Speaker before." The quintessence of impartiality, Ministers, ex-Ministers, and private members all alike come under his official censure. And they are all devoted to him. He is the living incarnation of the spirit of Parliament.

The Powers of the Speaker.

The powers of the Speaker are almost unlimited. In addition to enforcing due observance of the Standing Orders of the House, he exercises a general authority over the whole of its proceedings, is its official Spokesman and Representative, and the guardian of all its rights and privileges. Indeed, the very first thing he does when he attends the Upper House to hear the Lord Chancellor signify the Royal approval of his appointment, is to "lay claim, on behalf of the Commons, to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges," and he does not retire until such claim has been formally acknowledged and confirmed. The emblem of his authority is, of course, the Mace—which always lies upon the Table of the House when he is in the Chair, and is placed thereunder upon all other occasions except during a suspended sitting. The present Mace is a very artistic piece of work, and dates from the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. After the death of Charles I., in 1648, a new Mace had been made, which was the famous "bauble" taken away by Cromwell's order on April 19th, 1653. Strange that such an act of vandalism should have been perpetrated on Primrose Day!

The Serjeant-at-Arms.

Here is another important official—the House policeman, if I may be permitted to use such a term in regard to so elevated and dignified a functionary. I am not versed in the evolution of the office, but Mr. Burns once told me that it sprang up from the footpad! If so, its latest development is a striking testimony to the Darwinian theory, for in Mr. H. D. Erskine, the present Serjeant, we have the most fastidiously conventional gentleman in the House. Beginning with Prayers—in which, so to speak, he leads the responses—he goes through the whole sitting with unbending solemnity—and I am waiting with eager curiosity to see how he asserts his authority. I can't, for the life of me, picture him running an unruly Member in. I rather see him, in my mind's eye, wrestling with him in spirit only. Perhaps some day I may know more about it.

The Clerk of the House.

Here is the remaining high official of the House. He is appointed by the Crown, for life, by letters patent, and is responsible for all records of the proceedings of the Commons and the custody of its documents. He further takes charge of the conduct of business when there is no Speaker, and he used to read the Prayers. Sir Courtenay Ilbert is the present Clerk, and his salary is £2,000 a year—equal to that of Mr. C. J. Stewart, the Public Trustee. He sits, with his assistants, in wig and gown, immediately below the Speaker, to whom he bears the same relation as a Master does towards a Judge in the King's Bench, or a Registrar in Chancery.

Assistant Officers.

I have mentioned only the chief Officers. They all have their Assistants, who are constantly in evidence. Thus, there is a Deputy Speaker, who is also "Chairman of Ways and Means," and a Deputy Chairman. These posts are filled respectively by Mr. Alfred Emmott, the Member for Oldham, and Mr. James Caldwell, who sits for Mid-Lanark—the one a cotton spinner and the other a calico printer. They are both new to the work, but are making rapid progress. They would, however, know that I was "pulling their legs" if I said they were in the same class as Mr. Lowther. Still, they are essentially just men, and that counts for much. Each is addressed by his name when presiding over the House in Committee, and as "Mr. Deputy Speaker" when occupying the Chair.

The Clerk, too, has his Clerk Assistant and Second Clerk Assistant sitting with him—the former post being filled by Mr. Arthur W. Nicholson, and the latter by Mr. T. L. Webster, a close relative of the Lord Chief Justice. In addition, there are four "Principal Clerks," six "Senior Clerks," twelve "Assistant Clerks," eleven "Junior Clerks," and, last but not least, a "Collector of Fees on Private Bills."

In the same way, I should mention that the Speaker's staff includes a "Librarian," an "Assistant Librarian," an "Examiner of Private Bills," a "Taxing Master," a Standing Counsel, three Clerks, and a Messenger at the Vote Office, a Secretary, and a Train Bearer.

Then the Serjeant-at-Arms has a "Deputy Serjeant" and an "Assistant Serjeant," and two veteran and universally esteemed "Doorkeepers"—who could tell you more of modern political history than any living historian.

Add to all these an army of Messengers and a staff of Police (under the direction of genial Inspector Scantlebury), and you get some idea of the working of the Parliamentary Machine.

Do you wonder that we retain a Chaplain, at £400 a year, to come down to the House for five minutes every day and pray for us?

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

We of this journal have never been among those who persistently decry the police, who charge them with being incompetent, unscrupulous, corrupt. The police have very difficult duties to perform, and, on the whole, as we have believed, they perform them well. But we are bound to say that recent events have shaken confidence in the Force, and gone far to confirm the allegations of its decriers. Without going into ancient history, or farther back than the events of the present month, enough is known to make it very difficult to maintain that the Force is doing its duty by the public, or that it is not becoming a very real menace to it. And whilst this has to be said of the police, it must be added that magistrates seem very much less alive than they ought to be to police misconduct, very much less ready than they should be to protect those who have grievances against the police, very chary of censure of the Force, even when the public interest requires that the Bench should condemn in no uncertain language. Let us look at a case or two.

Mrs. Cooper's Case.

Take that of Mrs. Maud Cooper, charged on September 20 with keeping a house of ill-fame. Here was the wife of a respectable citizen, a gentleman in the Government service, who appears to live, with his wife, a singularly quiet and regular existence. At his office all the day, home with the wife, who seldom leaves the house, all the rest of his time. It is hardly possible to imagine a married couple less likely to be the victims of a police mistake; yet what do we find? There is a knock at the door. A police officer appears, informs Mrs. Cooper that he has a warrant for her arrest, and takes her to the police station. There she is charged with keeping a house of ill-fame. She sleeps in a cell, is brought before Mr. Chester Jones at Marlborough Street next day, and then—well, then, apart from the police testimony, there is not a shred or scrap of evidence submitted in support of the charge. On the other hand, witness after witness deposes to the high character of the accused, and to her proper life. The case is dismissed; but what does the magistrate, Mr. Chester Jones, say? Does he condemn the police as they ought to be condemned for this monstrous and absolutely inexcusable prosecution? Not a bit of it. He is, indeed, forced to say that the police appear to have been mistaken. Not a word of censure, not a word of sympathy with the accused woman. What would have been Mr. Jones' feelings if his wife—if he has one—had been taken from her home by a police constable, charged with an infamous offence, and hauled before a magistrate? And if Mr. Chester Jones had been half mad with anger—as, being a decent man, no doubt he would have been—why should there be no word of sympathy for another woman who has absolutely gone through this experience, and looks to him to say from the Bench such words as in some small measure may soften the recollections of the bitter experience to which she has been put?

Another Case.

We take another case, not reported in the newspapers. On Sunday week a man was on top of an omnibus. He is a gentleman lately holding His Majesty's Commission; who was suffering from an attack of malarial fever contracted while on duty in West Africa. He had been suffering from this fever on the Saturday, when he had taken forty grains of quinine to stop it. He took this powerful dose again on Sunday, with the result that the fever was checked; but he felt all to pieces, so much so that, on his way from a friend with whom he had spent the day, he called at the house of another friend, who happens to be one of the King's surgeons, and asked him if he would give him something to pull him together. The surgeon gave him a glass of sherry, and advised him to go home as quickly as possible, and get to bed. Upon leaving this friend's house, in Curzon Street, he caught a 'bus, and it was whilst getting down from it that a constable, attracted by his dazed appearance, came up to him and told him that he was drunk, and must go to the police station with him. The gentleman protested that he was nothing of the sort, explained that he had been suffering from fever, and that any apparent shakiness or dizziness was due to that; but the constable insisted, and, in order to avoid a scene, the gentleman went to Vine Street. There he repeated to the officer in charge what he had told the constable. The reply was, that he could be bailed. The gentleman refused to apply to any friend to extricate him from his humiliating position, and he renewed his request to be allowed to leave the station. He was then told that he could only do so if he called in the station medical officer to certify that he was sober, and to do this he must pay 7s. 6d. The gentleman said he had no objection to be examined by the medical officer, but would not pay the 7s. 6d. The result was that he remained in the cells all night, and the next morning he was taken before Mr. Denman, at Marlborough Street police court, where the constable swore that he was drunk upon the 'bus, and, there being no evidence other than the statement of the accused, the magistrate began a little moral essay upon the fact of a gentleman being charged with such an offence. Thereupon the accused, interrupting the magistrate, told him that he had nothing to be ashamed of, that he was not drunk, but was suffering from fever, and he offered to bring as evidence the surgeon whose house he left almost immediately before he got on the 'bus, and who would testify as to his condition. The reply of the magistrate was to the effect that "least said soonest mended," and a fine of five shillings or five days.

The Duty of Magistrates.

What possible excuse was there for keeping this gentleman in a cell all night? It was not suggested even by the constable that he was disorderly or incapable. And what of the officer in charge of the station? Is he there merely to register the action of constables? He must have seen that this gentleman was not drunk, that he could talk intelligibly, that he could walk straight. All that was alleged by the constable was that he smelt of liquor—a very wide term that may mean much or little. If the officer in charge was in doubt, if he felt himself unable to accept a gentleman's rational statement as to his condition, why did not he send for the medical officer, and ask him to say whether he was really drunk or not? And even assuming that he had taken too much—an assumption for which there is not a tittle of evidence—was it the constable's duty to haul him from an omnibus, to march him off to the police station, to lock him up and bring him before a magistrate? If every man who drinks a glass too much, but in no way molests his neighbours, or inconveniences the public, is to be hauled off to jail by a police officer, the police will have enough to do. And here again we would direct attention to the magistrate. What was the duty of the magistrate in a case of this kind? It was oath against oath. The oath of a gentleman against whom nothing could be brought in support of the alleged misconduct other than the oath of a constable, of a gentleman who offered to prove that only a few minutes before he was supposed to be drunk he had left the house of a very eminent surgeon perfectly sober. We should have thought that under these circumstances the magistrate would have dismissed the case and censured the police, instead of sneering at the accused and telling him, as he was told, that he could not want his name to get into the papers over a charge of this kind, and that the best he could do was to pay a small fine and have done with it. It does not seem to have occurred to the magistrate that the man who is charged—charged wrongly—with being drunk, and taken to a police station, and kept in custody the whole night, and hauled to a police court next morning, is one who has suffered great wrong, a wrong that cries aloud for redress, and who ought to receive it, so far as it is possible for a magistrate to offer it, from the hands of the judge before whom he is brought.

The Home Office and the Police.

We do not pretend to offer any solution of this most difficult question of police versus the public. A Royal Commission has been sitting to enquire into the question, but it has not done much towards solving it. This much, however, is certain, that if the police go on as they are going there will be very serious trouble between them and the public before very long. We have ground for saying that some of the highest authorities of the Home Office are seriously perturbed at the action of the police, or, rather, of a small section of the police, during recent months, for it is only in particular districts, one of them being that of which Vine Street Station is the centre, where these outrages against the public are common. It will be an ill day for the police, and for the cause of law and order, when the public become convinced that instead of the police being their protectors they are their most dangerous enemies, and all good citizens will hope that before that time comes, that, in order that that time may not come, the police authorities will put their house in order. It is sadly in need of it.

* * *

Since the above was written, the eminent architect, Mr. Valentine, has been charged with indecent behaviour, and taken before the Lambeth Magistrate. There was not a vestige of evidence in support of the charge, and Mr. Valentine was, of course, discharged.

IN THE CITY.

THE BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

We have received the following communication, which deserves very careful attention from those whom it concerns:—

In your issue of August 24th you printed a criticism of the published accounts of the British Natural Premium Life Association, Limited, and in your issue of September 21st an accountant's report, which is apparently put forward by the Managing Director of that Association as a satisfactory reply thereto.

To all connected with Insurance, both the criticism and reply have a special interest, on account of the peculiar system adopted by the Association concerned. It is a system which nearly all insurance experts condemn as unsound; which is looked upon with suspicion by every respectable Life Office in this country. All the level Premium Offices see in the correspondence you have published but the beginning of the end; they regard it as a sign of the public's awakening to the fallacious character of a system which appears to offer special advantages to its policy-holders, when but superficially examined.

Your critic of August 24th is an ordinary branch policy-holder, and he is answered by the accountants as such only. They put forward no figures proving the solvency of the Association; they merely assert that your correspondent "does not appear to understand the nature of the business carried on by the Company," and that "his interests lie in the policy-holders' account" only. Are we to take it that the fact that your correspondent is a policy-holder supports the accountant's contention that he does not understand the nature of the business carried on? And, is the assertion that his interests lie in the policy-holders' account only quite true or fair?

It is common knowledge that, for many years past, no policy-holder in a Life Insurance Company has been allowed to lose through the insolvency of the Company whose policy he holds; but surely it will not, therefore, be contended that the insured has no right to point out the dangerous position of his Company? Insolvency must mean liquidation, entailing amalgamation, absorption, or transfer of liability to some other stronger Company, which may bring many unlooked for and unwelcome changes.

In any case, up to the present time Insurance Offices have published accounts, as evidence that they are well managed and sound, quite as much for the satisfaction of policy-holders as shareholders. In treating your correspondent as they have, the accountants have simply evaded the issue—they have merely put up a bogie of their own, and knocked it down again. The report is in no sense a reply to the criticism of the Association's position.

But, allowing the contention of the accountants, there still remain some matters which may surely be considered of vital importance to policy-holders. For example, in the Association's accounts for 1906, we find an amount of £16,734 shown as "due to Trustees." From whom is this money due? Have the Directors received and retained it? Have they paid it into a separate account, or are they using it for any other purpose than the one for which it is specially levied, until such time as one of the "Periodical Payments" mentioned by the accountants falls due? Perhaps the Directors would kindly explain, especially as we are informed that "no monies are repaid by the Trustees to the Association for any purpose," from which we gather that the Trustees cannot and would not loan their funds to the Association.

Also, it would be instructive, and surely legitimate, for policy-holders to inquire upon what basis the Association's liability for death claims is calculated. The life assurance funds shown are in reality merely contingency funds, as distinct from the life funds of any level premium ordinary life office.

The funds of these latter offices are accumulated to meet claims as they may arise; and an office is considered to be in a good or bad position in accordance to the relationship its funds bear to its actuarial liability. With the British Natural Premium, however, an entirely different system prevails: their levies being made for three distinct purposes—the payment of claims, the creation of a contingency fund, and for the expenses of management. The last of these is limited to a fixed amount; the levies to be made on account of the first two may fluctuate.

It seems but reasonable, therefore, that the policy-holders should be informed upon what basis these levies are made, especially as during the five years 1901-5 the claims in this branch of the Association's business exceeded the premiums received by £22,340, while their receipts for rent, interest and profits upon investments, less income tax and depreciation, amounted to but £7,952 towards this deficiency; presumably the Directors drew upon the Association's life funds for the balance. Is that so? And did they simultaneously increase the premiums to the full extent of their powers? If not, why not? Why draw upon the policy-holders' accumulated funds?

If these points are not considered by the accountants as of importance to policy-holders, may they be asked to explain the position of an Insurance Company whose establishment account exceeds the amount of its subscribed capital by over £23,000?

This Association has apparently succeeded in establishing an ordinary and industrial life business at a cost of £235,300, the former branch of which drops £22,340 in the past five years, while the latter retains its life fund at the same figure as December, 1905, by writing off to establishment account £5,458 for the one year at December, 1906.

Again, the utter inadequacy of the industrial life fund is apparent to everyone connected with the Insurance business. No valuation returns have yet been published (although they are due by the end of this month), but it is safe to assert that the actuarial liability upon this branch of their business cannot fall short of £10,000, to meet which £3,304 is set aside.

The public are also informed that "drastic measures and economies" have been adopted by the Board, and are assured by the accountants that this alteration will cause the accounts to show substantial profits at the close of this and future years. Upon what do the accountants base their prophecy?

While the liability in the ordinary branch will fall upon the shoulders of the policy-holders, the liability and the heavy expense connected with industrial insurance must be met by the Association. What that liability is even now, and what the future expenses will be, the accountants cannot say. Nor do they tell us where the money to pay expenses will come from, when the Association has already exceeded its subscribed capital in establishment charges.

And, is it a fact that the first six months of this current year showed a profit?

Altogether it seems that something more than the vague promise of an accountant, who has seen but one half of the picture, is required before the British Natural Premium Life Association can be regarded as in a sound and satisfactory position by either policy-holders, shareholders, or the public.

WOLFRAM.

We hear that a Company is in course of formation for the purpose of acquiring a property near Crescent City, Boulder County, in Colorado, upon which there is a Wolframite lode of great promise. The Company will have a capital of £100,000, and a considerable portion of it has already been applied for in Manchester and Sheffield. The Company will be brought out, if present arrangements hold, about the middle of this month.

One of the marvels of the present day of industrial revolution is the use of tungsten—the metal got from Wolfram—as an alloy in the manufacture of high-speed tool steel. There is a prevalent misconception that tungsten is used as an alloy of steel for armour plate in battleships and for projectiles, but this is a mistake. The revolution wrought by the use of tungsten as an alloy of steel is in the high-speed tools of the machine shop, used for close and accurate fitting of the various metal parts of machinery after the casting or forging of the parts—the paring for cutting away of the rough or excess parts of the castings or forgings; the lathe work on projectiles for heavy guns, and the finishing of locomotive tyres. A saw having adjustable teeth of tungsten steel has been in use for some time which cuts through blocks and bars of iron, and even refined carbon steel, with a speed impossible of attainment with the tools of a few years ago. There has always been a well-known limit to the amount of work which could be accomplished by cutting tools in the machine shop, owing to the amount of heat generated by friction at and near the cutting edge of the tool. The faster the motion of the mass to be acted upon by the tool the greater the friction, and in consequence the work of finishing in the shop has necessarily been very slow, until the discovery of the wonderful properties of tungsten steel. Where formerly a cutting chisel would be useless after finishing but two heavy projectiles, a cutting tool of tungsten steel will retain its temper and cutting edge after finishing twenty or more. In fact, the tungsten steel tool does its best work when the friction has generated a heat which would utterly destroy the tool made of the ordinary steel, and the chips leaving the mass of iron or steel being cut by the tool are of a deep blue colour from the heat generated by the cutting. Where the ordinary tool was capable of cutting steel chips at the rate of 30 lineal feet per minute, the average being about 25 feet, a tungsten

steel tool on similar work cuts easily five times that length of chip, and experiments have shown a chip of 200 lineal feet a minute, though in practice a tool of even tungsten steel cannot be worked continuously at such a speed. Although the ordinary carbon tool steel commands but about a penny a pound, while the Tungsten steels sells for 2s. 6d. to 3s. a pound, the latter is more economical in the end.

The Board of the Crescent Wolfram Estates, Limited, is a very practical one, representing large interests, and there is reason to believe that the Company will have a prosperous future. The supply of tungsten acid, which is the product of Wolfram, is not equal to the demand. Metallurgists are constantly experimenting with tungsten, with results that are likely to create a still further demand for it. By much the larger portion of the output of Tungsten comes from Boulder County, Colorado. Fifteen years ago Wolfram ore was unsaleable at £20 a ton, and there was hardly any production. To-day it is unobtainable at £150 a ton, although the world's production has been increased from 300 tons in 1892 to 3,500 tons during the last twelve months. Metallic Tungsten is selling at £450 a ton.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

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" 6 " " " 7 " " "

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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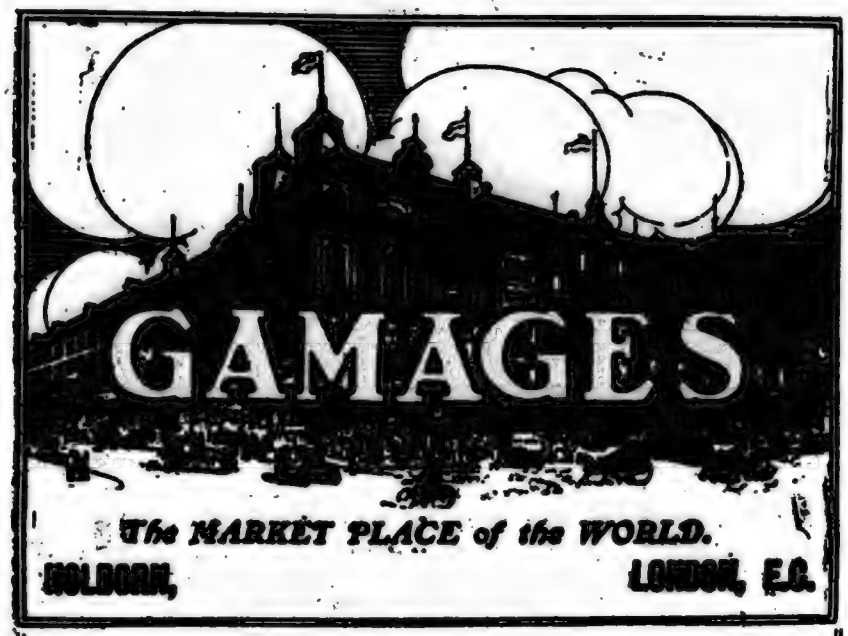

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Jews and the Stage.

A year or so back Mr. Sigmund Feinman, a Jewish actor of parts, conceived the idea of forming a Yiddish theatre in London. He took the Pavilion Theatre, in the Mile End Road—long the home of the most lurid melodrama to be seen in this country—got together a company of Jewish actors, and indulged in what, to those who do not know the East End and the children of Israel who dwell therein, must have looked like a very hazardous experiment. He embarked, in short, on a trial season of plays in Yiddish, producing not merely commonplace dramas, such as are regarded by the usual managers as the theatrical fare preferred by persons of small means, but high-class plays, including Jewish versions of English classics and other dramatic masterpieces. Of course, there had been a flourishing Yiddish theatre in New York for years; but, then, Jews of one sort or another are more numerous in New York than in any other of the world's cities; their total is enormous, and their proportion to population larger than anywhere else, except among the millionaires of Johannesburg and the slum inhabitants of Posen. In New York the Jew does not take the trouble to disguise himself as Andrew O'Smith or Llewellyn Stuart, which is significant of much. To be a Jew in Gotham means advantage rather than disadvantage, save in the case of the very few who aspire to mingle matrimonially with the descendants of the old Dutch stock, or the British who went over in the "Mayflower," or, as the humorist puts it, "escaped from English justice in other ways." It is as useful in New York to be a Jew as in Canada or New Zealand (or London) to be a Scot. So the Jew bulks large in New York.

Of the American Yid.

Far from wondering at the success of a Jewish theatre in New York, one is inclined to marvel that any theatre not Jewish or Irish manages to exist at all. As a fact, few would exist but for the patronage of the Jews and the Irishmen, who, between them, divide the lion's share of American theatre management and American star-acting. The "syndicate" is purely Jewish, and the leading members of the rival organisation look like Jews—they are hooked of nose, full of lip, dark and wavy-haired, short in the leg, and square in the beam—if they are not. I do not condemn for this; I dislike the Jew, nowhere except in politics, and there I loathe him—for there his methods are of the East and of Tophet. In business, if you keep a keen eye on him, he is as indifferent honest as myself or any other even Christian; he is a good friend if you let him lend you money and do not lend him any; socially, he is the best of company; and as an actor he is of the finest. Only here and there a Frenchman can act as naturally as your thoroughbred Jew; Englishmen act with difficulty, Germans only think they act. But as a race the Jews have been playing parts for a thousand years, with death or robbery or ring-fencing as the penalties of bad art. So that the best actors in most countries are Jews, in part or whole; and some of the finest actors in the world are to be seen at the Yiddish theatres.

The Jewish Theatre in London.

Well, there may or may not be more Jews in the East End of London than the census says. I am convinced there are; certainly Mr. Sigmund Feinman found enough there to make his first Pavilion season pay. As a result, he took over the house for twenty-one years on behalf of a company, went to America to get some of the best available actors and actresses and to arrange for rights in Yiddish plays, asked some English Jews to write others, and opened his second season recently with a very fine stock combination and a repertory of several hundreds of pieces, comic and tragic, in prose and verse, musical and otherwise. His venture is one of the most characteristic and interesting of all the exotic stage shows, not excepting the Sada Yacco Japanese season that I have sampled in London. I do not know Yiddish; but I saw the Jewish company play a version of "The Jewess" the other night, and I agree with Sir Charles Wyndham, who was there the same evening as myself, that it was wonderfully done, and no visitor to the capital who wants to see at close quarters its most peculiar and instructive and amusing feature—its increasingly cosmopolitan people—should fail to visit the Jewish Theatre.

The Mecca of the Arts.

What a marvellous and many-sided city this London is! The sensuous charm of Paris is undeniable; and as one of its most ardent admirers, one who drank it in avidly during five susceptible years, I should be the last to deny it. But the appeal of London is to me indefinitely more varied and continuous, and Paris is no longer the Mecca of the Arts; London is. The glamour of Paris is local and French; that of London is all-pervading and international. The best of everything comes to London. You can see as good French plays, for example, as well acted at the new Royalty Theatre during the next ten weeks as at the first Paris theatres, and under much more comfortable conditions—Le Bargy, Pierat, Galipaux, Bernhardt, and De Feraudy. We have had the premières of French plays here, and are to have more; and the Divine Sarah will play for us a part she has never played at home. The Germans have sent us their best plays and some of their best actors; and now they talk of building a German theatre here. The greatest of the Italians come to us at intervals; indeed, all that matters theatrically, and a vast deal that does not matter at all, comes to London sooner or later, and generally sooner than later. The finest foreign music and painting also is attracted here; and the finest—cookery.

The Latest "Telepath."

At Earl's Court just now there is a side show of quite extraordinary interest—XORU. I have seen Stuart Cumberland do some astonishing tricks in his heyday as "thought-reader"; the Zancigs and their rivals at the Hippodrome were a bit perplexing; but XORU beats them all. It may be "telegraphy" or fake; it is none the less curious. And if it be fake, one must accuse gentlemen whom one has regarded heretofore as entirely above reproach in the light of base and traitorous persons. The procedure is simplicity itself. You think of some extremely improbable feat which you would wish XORU to perform, and you tell her husband, Mons. Fabian. He says nothing to the lady, but "gets into communication with her" in some way; and lo and behold, she goes and does the strange thing in every detail. Now that Mr. James Crow has returned to the unworthy land of his birth, I suggest to the Editor that Madame XORU should be set to work upon that reckless philosopher. Here, at last, he should find something deserving of his spare eulogies.

The Organised Actors.

I regret to hear that the Actors' Association is in a very bad way. On the 14th inst. a meeting will be held at 3, Bedford Street, Strand, when a motion for voluntary liquidation will be moved. It looks as though eventually all the active elements of the Association will be merged in the Actors' Union, which is going ahead briskly. On the 20th a mass meeting of actors will be held by the Union in London, and be addressed by various M.P.'s and others; and during the week following other great meetings will take place in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, etc. The propaganda will be pushed vigorously all the winter, not, be it understood, with a view to extreme measures against managers generally, or any manager in particular. The aim of the Union, I am assured, is pacific; but payment for rehearsals extending beyond a reasonable period, and other reforms in professional usage, will be pressed unhesitatingly, so soon as the Union is strong enough to compel fair treatment where it is refused. The need for some alteration in the system of rehearsals will be admitted by all disinterested persons. Often rehearsals will last for many weeks; they last usually twice as long as would be necessary were theatre managers as a body capable, energetic men, and stage managers as systematic and level-headed as the common foreman of works entrusted with a building job. Often, as a result of managerial dilatoriness, rehearsals are kept up into the small hours, when the actors may or may not get a snack of supper and a cab home at the expense of the "backer." He is never paid for his labour.

More About Rehearsals.

The manager, when tackled, will retort sometimes that a production is a joint undertaking; that he risks his capital, the actor his labour, and that neither can expect to begin to make money until the curtain is up and the public putting its hand in its pocket. The retort is of the thinnest; the possible return of the actor is limited by a salary—which he does not always get—the manager's gain from a successful play is out of all proportion to the capital invested, if not of the risk. Recently, the company which appeared in "The Three Kisses" at the Apollo rehearsed for six weeks for nothing, and played on salary for four and a half weeks only. They got just over a month's wages, in fact, for two and a half months' work; a condition of affairs too absurd to defend, surely, and that anyway marks out the stage as the most anomalous and unbusiness-like of all the "professions." If necessary, the rate of pay during the run of a play might be discounted against the payment made for rehearsals; but the present system should certainly go. It encourages "subbing," pawning, borrowing, living on credit, false pretences, and all sorts of other thriftless chicanery. It plays the game of the bogus theatrical speculator of the "heads I win, tails you lose," type. The best managers would pay willingly for rehearsals; the others should be compelled to do so.

P.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XXVI.—THE MAN WITH THE LATCHKEY.

With feelings of deep emotion I have just been reading an account of proceedings in the court of Broughton Edge, Esq., whose occupation for the moment is that of a Revising Barrister, North Kensington way, at a salary of three hundred pounds—or is it three hundred guineas?—per annum. Before Broughton Edge, Esq., have appeared several young men with latchkeys claiming a vote within the meaning of the Act as occupying tenants. Not being disqualified as persons convicted of treason or felony, or as infants, aliens, lunatics, peers, or women, it might be supposed that Broughton Edge, Esq., would have allowed their claims, and made no bones about it. But this is a great country, and as a great country implies a great people, we have invented Revision Courts, Revising Barristers, and Election Agents, not to put people on the voting lists, but to keep 'em off. This being so, I am not surprised to note that several of those young men are off.

One claimant, thinking he looked like an easy winner, assumed the chirpy, confident air which becomes the man who sees himself passing the judge's box with the rest of the field, a funeral *cortège* in the far distance. He had convinced the rival agents that he wasn't a lunatic, alien, infant, peer, or woman, as aforesaid. He had also fearlessly remarked that he had full control of the rooms for which he claimed the vote, when in waltzes Broughton Edge, Esq., with the thrilling inquiry whether his landlady would object to his taking in an organ grinder and a number of monkeys. Though Broughton Edge, Esq., wasn't playing billiards, he evidently regarded this as a cannon off the red and a double baulk, and a smile of infinite satisfaction could be observed up his right sleeve. "Well, of course," the voter commenced, "she could object to the organ grinder and the monkeys. I have to act reasonably, and not annoy the other tenants, but——" That settled the man with the latchkey. He did not get past the judge's box. On the contrary, he was with the funeral *cortège* in the distance. "It was held," says the veracious reporter in that calm and majestic cadence which distinguishes literary style in the purlieus of the law, "that in the circumstances the claimant had not complete control, and his name was struck out."

I suppose that when we get a little nearer the millennium, and a little farther from the lunatic asylum, we shall give a man a vote because he is a good citizen, instead of refusing it to him because he cannot use his latchkey for letting in monkeys. As it is obvious that Broughton Edge, Esq., is a great thinker, I approach him on the common basis of the deeper thought to ask whether he knows of any evidence in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, which would warrant the zoological hypothesis that a normal specimen of *genus homo sapiens Anglica* would be more reliable as a voter if his landlady permitted him to let monkeys into his apartments, than if she exercised her right to insist that he should keep them out? I pause for a reply.

Personally I think the Darwinian theory has gone far enough, and I am not prepared to admit the desirability of its extension. It is one thing for a man to have had a monkey for one of his great great grandfathers in that morning of the world when, according to the poet, "earth was nigher heaven than now"; it is another to suggest that he is incapable of supporting the Throne, the Altar, and the Constitution because the conventional amenities do not permit him to invite monkeys to his rooms. The theory is not only entirely new, but it has no scientific warrant to support it. Without fear of contradiction, I can tell Broughton Edge, Esq., that the Constitution of this country, and the citizen rights of a free and foolish people, cannot and ought not to depend on the monkey-house any more than it can or ought to depend on the dog kennel, the cat basket, the canary cage, or the beetle trap.

Permit Broughton Edge, Esq., and myself, if you please, to pursue this line of profound thought. If you are going to impose a zoological test for latchkey voters, the inevitable necessities of a logical sequence demand that you shall not draw the line at monkeys. The question which Broughton Edge, Esq., should have put to the man with the latchkey was this: "Would your landlady object to your taking in dogs, cats, canaries, beetles, mice, frogs, toads, worms, earwigs, wasps, centipedes, or other cutaneous irritants?" The question being answered in the affirmative, Broughton Edge, Esq., would at once strike the man off the list for not having control of his occupying tenancy. On the other hand, if she allowed him to introduce these things, he would remain on as a citizen worthy of his country and his race.

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"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

Sir,—I observe, with deep regret, that, despite all my appeals to you to either tell the truth or say nothing, you are still bent upon fooling the public in regard to your father's health. At a Tariff Reform meeting the other day you trotted out the same old formula. You "were happy to state that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's health continued to improve," but, for the first time, so far as I am aware, you qualified the announcement with the addition that "the improvement was not so rapid as could be wished." Why do you do it? Why did you and your brother declare, a year ago, that "Mr. Chamberlain would certainly address the meeting in Nottingham," last October; then, later, that he would "undoubtedly be in his place in the House at the commencement of the session"; and then that he would be there "after the Easter recess," and so on and so on? Again I ask, Why do you do it? That your distinguished father may, by the aid of medical skill, loving care, and peaceful rest, yet be spared to enjoy a long eventide in the circle of his devoted family—free from all the acrimony and tension of public life—is my deep and sincere prayer. Let us all join in it. But *don't*, please, fool us any longer. Say nothing. Let us all silently think—think of the sadness and the tragedy of it.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

My Dear John,—Rumour is afoot that one result of your visit to Germany is that you are now able to speak the language of the country. If this is so, I congratulate you with all my heart. As a method of human speech, I am bound to say I don't like it; it is so apt to twist your tongue or dislocate your jaw. But, after all, German is a form of articulate communication permitted by an overruling Providence, and while this is so I can see no reason why you should not tackle it—as Haldane has done. It is always an ornament in the drawing-room, and useful in Unterdenlindenstrasse and Kaiserwilhelmstrasse, while regarded as music it compares favourably with the ancient Welsh and the native Scotch.

How long did it take you to learn it? (*Wie lange haben Sie gelernt?*) Who taught you? (*Wer lehrte es Ihnen?*) Have you a good accent? (*Haben Sie einen guten Accent?*) Where did you purchase it? Have you yet mastered the sentences of one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-fifty-eight words and the words of twenty syllables and sixty-seven letters? Have you the art of sticking the chief verb at the end of the procession? Translate *Geben Sie mir etwas zu trinken*, and distinguish between *Haben Sie etwas Zollpflichtiges* and *Ich wunsche Ihnen einen guten Morgen.* What are the interjections: (*a*) for admiration and applause, (*b*) for exhortation and command, (*c*) for joy and surprise, (*d*) for grief and pain, and (*e*) for the wine of the country?

Hope you enjoyed your holiday, anyway? Germany is a fine country, as sorts go. All you have to do is to get yourself born a German, and ever afterwards the Government and the policeman do the rest. Everything is arranged for you on the basis that if you were left to do it yourself you would be dead certain to do it all wrong. Noticed that little peculiarity yourself, no doubt? As the poet has it:—

> The Germans are a noble race, and of that race I'll sing,
> They love their pa's, adore their ma's, and glorify their king,
> They're frugal folk, and happy folk; they settle on our shore,
> And the Fatherland, the Fatherland, it sees them nevermore.

Good luck to you.

John Bull.

To Jesse Collings, Esq., M.P.

Dear Jess,—Afraid Balfour will be rather annoyed at your statement that the Unionist party is at present going through the wilderness without a Moses. What you say is true enough, however. But what is there to lead? And why call what there is a party? Call it a remnant, a spare end, a residue, and you won't be far out.

The phenomenon you speak of is not new, however. You will remember that a few years ago the Liberals went to pieces in pretty much the same way, and that for years on end the leadership was practically open to anybody. The Liberals behaved badly to Harcourt. They found a broken reed in Rosebery. For a long time they made a dead-set at Campbell-Bannerman, and it seemed likely that he, too, would go down. As it turned out, he was the pilot who weathered the storm.

I don't know how far the analogy will apply in the case of the Unionists. What is certain is that by a stroke of fate the man who brought that party to disaster is removed from the field. Their leadership is in a sort of go-as-you-please commission without any clearly defined purpose, except the obvious and commonplace one of getting their opponents out and putting themselves in. Behind Mr. Balfour's pseudo-leadership are assembled disorderly elements whose discipline is prompted by nothing more than an indifferent or sullen acquiescence. Of these elements you are a typical example. There is one thing you forget, however. The active political days of Mr. Chamberlain are over. The remnant must rally to Mr. Balfour, or a new leader must be found. The hour may bring the man, but the hour is not yet, and may not come for long years. The Unionists are in the wilderness, and look likely to stay there for some time.

John Bull.

To Mr. George Stirling, Lexden, Essex.

Dear Grandfather,—I do wish you would not be so giddy. At your time of life, too! Here you are, at eighty-one, gathered in by the policeman for being in a state of unbalanced locomotion and incoherent loquacity, and getting fined ten shillings and three shillings costs by the Colchester magistrates. As one of them observed, you really should be old enough to know better. Instead of setting an example to us youngsters, you go and get yourself repleted with beer, spirits, or wine and then hang on to the pavement with your hands because you can't get a firm grip of it with your feet. It is true that Noah got drunk and disorderly when he was older than you are—but he had plenty of time to recover, and as it is unlikely that you will live nine hundred and fifty years, I think you are rather foolish to regard his alcoholic eccentricity as a precedent. Pray don't do it again.

John Bull.

To H.I.M. the German Emperor.

Sire,—Though I am not in love with your subjects, I am right glad that you have consented to visit our shores. Like your illustrious predecessor, Frederick the Great, you have been spared the annoyance of possessing a German temperament. In originality, versatility, courtesy, charm of manner, and many other attractive qualities, you are far more like an Englishman than a Prussian. Relations have been somewhat strained between your country and mine for a long time, and I venture to hope that your visit may remove many misunderstandings. A week in the society of your genial uncle at Windsor should go far to put you into a good temper. You are now almost the only sovereign in the world who has not been completely won over by his amenities. The cure must be accomplished, and I trust it may be a permanent one, for I can tolerate no sulkers in Europe. Foolish bodies have imagined many vain things about German invasions. Now it is for you to show them that there can be such a thing as a friendly invasion. And you may be very sure that you will receive a cordial welcome at the hands of my people.

John Bull.

To Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

I am very glad to hear that you are going home at last. You have paid us a very long visit, and no good has resulted either for yourself or us. Though I have a great respect for my Indian fellow-subjects, I would rather see them governing themselves than trying to govern us. You and Lord Salisbury's "black man" were not a success as legislators. You never became acclimatised to the atmosphere of the House of Commons, and you were an insufferable bore on a public platform. I remember hearing you address a London audience one evening. They wanted to hear about old age pensions, and Taff Vale, and the various Education Bills, and all the other shibboleths of party politics. But you talked for over an hour about Indian questions only, and you denounced your unfortunate hearers as though they were personally responsible for the woes of your fellow-countrymen. I am amazed that you were ever elected by any constituency, more particularly as I am told you are a very lazy candidate, and always late at meetings. However, I wish you a pleasant journey and a green old age.

John Bull.

OUR ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF RECENT POLICE BLUNDERS.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?

By Rudfort V. Aymsdel.

V.—A SUGGESTED SCALE OF DUTIES.

I have said that, in my judgment, we should, where the fixing of the amount that each kind of title should be taxed is concerned, follow the Table of Precedency. This, in now proceeding to indicate what some title-holders may reasonably be charged per annum, I purpose doing. Or, rather, I intend to do so except where the eldest sons of dukes come before earls, and so on. For instance, the table, after dukes and marquesses, does not go on with earls. Instead, after marquesses and before earls it ranks dukes' eldest sons. Now, although, according to this classification of dignities, the eldest sons of dukes, ranking above earls, ought to pay more than earls, I suggest that the coming Title Taxation League be more merciful (also more astute) than to suggest that the tax be levied in this way. You see, the dukes' eldest sons, while claiming precedence of earls, may not possess cash enough to pay a tax larger than I suggest earls should be given the privilege of paying.

Another reason for the table of precedence, in this and similar cases, not being strictly adhered to, is that an eldest son, although known as Lord ———, has no title of his own. The title he uses is only a "courtesy title." Altogether, therefore, although the eldest son of—say—a duke ranks above an earl, I nevertheless repeat that the holder of a title of his own (the earl) should pay more than the user of a title that is merely borrowed.

On the other hand, I do not think that these eldest sons should be further favoured by paying less than baronets and knights. In short, I hold that—beginning at the foot of the ladder and working our way up to the giddy height so calmly occupied by "The Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury"—the following title-holders should be charged annual taxes respectively of the absurdly reasonable amounts named:—

The *Younger Sons of Dukes and Earls* and the *Eldest Sons of Baronets* ("The Honourable ——"), £75; *Knights* ("Sir ——"), £100; *Baronets* ("Sir ——, Bt."), £150; *Marquesses' Younger Sons* ("Lord ——"), £175; *Viscounts', Earls', Marquesses', and Dukes' Eldest Sons* (all "Lord ——"), respectively £200, £210, £230, and £250; *Barons*—also *Baronesses in their own right* (other Baronesses—namely, wives of Barons—being exempt because they are denied a vote)—£300; *Bishops* (who thrust themselves in at this point—between the Barons and the Viscounts—and who, therefore, must take the consequences: namely, a fee, in respect of their title, that, in amount, comes between that of the Baron's fee and the Viscount's), £400; *Viscounts*, £550; *Earls*, £700; *Marquesses* £850; *Dukes*, £1,000.

Now, that, at the price, each of these titles, taxed to the extent I suggest, would be simply dirt-cheap, I think that each holder of one will admire his title enough to admit. As for our noble friends the dukes, I feel I owe them an apology for proposing that their title be estimated so cheaply. For do not dukes place themselves at the head—the pinnacle—of "our old nobility"; and do I not propose that other title-holders be charged more than I would charge dukes,—more than £1,000?

However, in self-defence, I must humbly beg to point out that I only suggest that some title-holders be taxed more than dukes, for the reason that those other title-holders place themselves, in the table of precedency, above dukes. Then, I say, let them be punished for their impiety, as follows (it will be seen that I am now, fortunately, able to suggest a tax to be paid by "The Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury" more in keeping with the august (not to say September) position he so innocently wriggles himself into in the table of precedency than I before saw my way to propose):—

The *Lord Chamberlain*, £1,250; the *Lord Steward of H.M. Household*, £1,500; the *Earl Marshal*, £1,750; the *Lord Great Chamberlain*, £2,000; the *Lord Privy Seal*, £2,250; the *Lord President of the Council*, £2,500; the *Chancellor of Ireland*, £2,750; the *Archbishop of York*, £3,000; the *Lord High Chancellor* (he comes pretty high; but our modest, humble, meek friend, the Archbishop of Canterbury, reckons that he comes higher—in fact, as we have seen, next to the Royal Family, highest), £3,250; and "*The Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop*," £3,500.

What should we do with it—the money that Mr. Horatio Bottomley's title-taxation proposal, if carried out, would realize? I suggest that it should be ear-marked to help provide that dream of decades, A Free Breakfast Table. And to show that the amount obtainable would well suffice to free the British Breakfast Table (even if titles were only taxed on the moderate lines I have suggested) let me give a few of my very incomplete totals. I should explain that the knights are so elusive that I am not sure that I have, as yet, succeeded in estimating the number who are entitled to their "Sir" by reason of knighthood alone. (Whether—so to call them—"pluralists," other than the pluralists dealt with below, should be taxed in respect of each of their titles, is a question that I have no space to discuss.) Perhaps some reader can give an estimate as to the number of knights having no other title than "Sir." Meanwhile, roughly speaking, the rest of my totals are as follows:—

10	Titles held by persons ranking higher than dukes		£23,750
31	Dukes' @ £1,000		31,000
37	Marquesses' @ £850	.....	31,450
232	Earls' @ £700	..	162,400
82	Viscounts' @ £550		45,100
35	Bishops' (but there are numerous Suff. Bishops and Asst. Bishops) @ £400		14,000
437	Barons' and titles of Baronesses in their own right, @ £300	..	131,100
31	Dukes' Eldest Sons' @ £250	..	£7,750
37	Marquesses' Eldest Sons' @ £230	..	8,510
232	Earls' Eldest Sons' @ £210	..	48,720
82	Viscounts' Eldest Sons' @ £200	..	16,400
111	Marquesses' Younger Sons' (reckoning 3 to each) @ £150		16,650
930	(say) Baronets' @ £150	.....	139,500
(?)	Knights' @ £100		(?)
93	Younger Sons of Dukes', and 696 Younger Sons of Earls' (reckoning 3 to each), and 930 (say) Eldest Sons of Baronets'—total, 1,719 @ £75		
			£182,925

Then, it has to be remembered that most of our noble friends, as I have already pointed out, have a good number of "sub-titles." Now, I suggest that these be not taxed "up to the hilt,"—that they be taxed at a lower rate than the title which is most used. As in every case where a "quantity" is "taken," the sound commercial principle should here be followed of a "reduction" being made. Indeed, I think we may well "throw in" the "sub-titles" at a "very bad price,"—treat them, in fact, as a "job lot," and charge for them at "job prices." We will not, then, say that "our old nobility" may have their "sub-titles" at half-price. We will mark them down at the ruinous reduction of a quarter. I only suggest this tremendous sacrifice in the hope that noble lords will recognise the ridiculous bargains offered them by at least the John Bull school of Title Taxers, and contribute liberally towards the funds of the future Title Taxation League.

Reckoning, then, that the 819 noblemen concerned referred to above have only an average of four "inferior titles" (as they are called) apiece (an extremely moderate estimate), we get the following additional totals (omitting odd shillings):—

31	Dukes' Inferior Titles	—	124	@	£250	.. 31,000
37	Marquesses'	Do.	— 148	@	£212	.. 31,376
232	Earls'	Do.	— 928	@	£175	.. 162,400
82	Viscounts'	Do.	— 328	@	£137	.. 44,936
437	Barons', &c.,	Do.	— 1,748	@	£75	.. 131,100
						£400,812

The vast wealth owned by those whose titles Mr. Bottomley proposes for taxation would enable them to regard the amounts I have stated above as so many financial "fleabites." Should, therefore, stinginess cause these noblemen and gentlemen to dream of opposing a movement that, as I have shown, it is so much to their interest to further, they must be brought to their senses with an alternative. And I suggest that THE ALTERNATIVE TO TITLE-TAXATION BE TITLE-ABOLITION.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic John Bull postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

"HAIR DRILL."

OUR READERS INVITED TO CARRY OUT A WEEK'S TEST.

REMARKABLE RESULTS PROMISED.

Have you ever heard of "Hair Drill"? No? Well, every hair of your head is a little soldier. The duty it shares with its more or less numerous fellows is that of maintaining the temperature of your brain at normal.

Without a well-trained head of hair your brain must become too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and you have headaches when the sun shines, and colds in the head when the sun doesn't shine.

This is considering the subject of your hair quite apart from the aspect of mere appearance, important as this is in itself.

This Illustration depicts the general result arising from hair neglect.

You may have regarded that "thinning," or that "drying," or that "losing colour," or that rapidly-spreading "bald patch" as the relentless and unavoidable sign of your advancing years—unavoidable perhaps, because your father or grandfather was bald, or because of some fancied constitutional peculiarity of your own.

Not a bit of any one of these favourite fallacies need stand in the way of your desire for hair improvement.

No reason in the world exists why such improvements should not be begun and maintained, and the only thing that can stand in the way would be your own neglect to drill your hair. What, for instance, would become of the British Navy if it were "neglected"? It is just the same with your hair.

ARE YOU WILLING TO TRY?

"How can you drill your hair?"

Well, are you willing to try? Are you willing to test the drilling of your hair for one week, if it entails no more expense than the trivial amount of 3d.? "Yes," you say. All right. Now, will you just note that the present condition of your hair is either one or more of the following:—

1. Dry.
2. Brittle.
3. Lustreless.
4. Losing Colour.
5. Falling.
6. Scurfy.
7. Greasy.
8. Slightly odorous.

(or) 9. Thin or patchy.

If you, therefore, can candidly admit to yourself that your hair does come under one or more of the foregoing descriptions, you certainly ought not to let slip this opportunity of so easily, and so cheaply finding out what the right kind of care for your hair will do for you. You certainly ought to try one week's free test drill of your hair. Do you not think so?

WHAT THE DRILL WILL PROVE.

Even if your hair is in what you believe to be good condition, try one week's drill all the same, and your hair will take on added qualities of beauty.

In any case, the trial cannot fail to be deeply interesting to you.

The week's test will produce results that will open your eyes to the possibilities of proper hair drill. The trial, short as it is, will yet show you—

That your hair can be drilled into fine condition.
That your hair need not be too brittle or too limp.
That it need not be too highly coloured or too colourless.
That it need not fall out when brushed or combed.
That it certainly need not be scurfy, or greasy, or odorous.

The one week's trial for which the enterprising proprietors of the famous preparation, Edwards' "Harlene," are willing to send a sufficient supply to every "John Bull" reader will show remarkable results.

Your test will not be speculative in the slightest degree. The special free bottle of "Harlene" placed at your disposal for the purposes of the test is used by most of those members of Royalty and society who are noted for beautiful hair.

OPEN TO BOTH SEXES.

The remarkable change effected by the "hair-drill" advocated in this article.

The week's test is open to both sexes and all ages.

Why not send to-day and thus place yourself in a position to commence the week's trial the day after to-morrow.

A strong word of caution should be given against taking internal remedies which will ruin your constitution, and cheap, worthless remedies which will ruin your hair.

"Harlene" is sold at all chemists, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

FORM OF APPLICATION

To Week's Test Dept., Edward's Harlene Co., 93-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please forward me, as per your offer mentioned in article above, the special free bottle of "Harlene" necessary for one week's practical trial of this application as a "hair drill." I enclose three penny stamps to cover postage.

N.B.—If called for no charge will be made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," October 5th, 1907. .....

XL.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following letter, which speaks for itself. We do not envy the Englishman who can read it without anger. The writer tells us that he has been in the service of the Government for twenty-nine years as an auxiliary postman. So far as we know, the only difference between a postman and an auxiliary postman is that one is entitled to pension and the other is not. To call a man an auxiliary postman who has been a postman for twenty-nine years seems a misuse of language; but, be that as it may, our correspondent gave the State twenty-nine years of good service. From thirty-six until sixty-five he served it, and in his humble, but useful and necessary, way, he served it well. There is no doubt about that. We have it on the authority of the Postmaster-General himself. "There is absolutely nothing against you," writes that official; you are discharged solely"—solely, mark you—"on account of your age (sixty-five) and your failing sight." And then the Postmaster-General goes on to say, as he might be expected to say, that the man is recommended for a grant from the fund at the disposal of the Postmaster. But there has been no grant—the official promise has been broken. Our correspondent wanted to know why. For a time he could get no answer to this very proper and natural question, but finally the Postmaster-General writes that he "regrets" that he is unable to obtain "any benefit from public funds" for this retired servant of the public. The moral claim of the man is ignored, the official pledge is ignored. The comment of the man himself is noteworthy—noteworthy in its moderation. "I had reason to hope," he says, "for a grant at the rate of £1 for each year of service, as at one time it was given in similar cases, and for several reasons it would be but a simple act of justice." There are a good many of us who would be incapable of imitating the moderation of this poor, aged, half-blind, public servant if we were placed in a similar position. Perhaps the Postmaster-General himself would be able to do it, but we doubt it. However that may be, is it not shameful that public servants, decent men stricken with illness, should be served by the State in this scurvy way? Think of the millions wasted each year in the public service—we say deliberately, the millions. Highly-paid officials crowding upon each other with little or nothing to do, waste everywhere, extravagance rampant; taxation ever on the increase, the expenditure of the country increasing by leaps and bounds. But when it comes to the auxiliary postman, and his like, well, the authorities prate about economy, and even the meagre funds set apart for such demands, just and rightful demands, like those of our correspondent, are allowed to languish and to die. There is no money to keep them going, though millions can be wasted in Army Contracts, and nobody brought to book.

* * *

Our correspondent's letter runs:—

"As an example of the truth hinted at by a question asked at the postal inquiry—'What? Are they got rid of like a dog when they get too old for the service?'—will you kindly allow me to give my own experience. 'There is absolutely nothing against you; you are discharged solely on account of your age (sixty-five) and your failing sight (cataract). You are recommended for a grant from the funds at the disposal of the Postmaster.'

"This was told me officially when I was discharged after twenty-nine years' service as an auxiliary postman.

"After making several applications, the final reply from the P.M.G. is that 'He regrets that he is unable to obtain for me any benefit from public funds.' Sir, I had reason to hope for a grant at the rate of £1 for each year of service, as at one time it was given in similar cases, and for several reasons it would be but a simple act of justice."

A DESERVING CASE.

Should any of our readers have Votes to spare for the forthcoming Election of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys on October 11th, we should be glad if they would send them to us to be polled on behalf of ARTHUR CHARLES MARGETSON, son of the late Mr. E. J. Margetson, the well-known composer, whose unexpected death caused such a painful shock to a large circle of friends.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

NOW READY.

Price THREEPENCE. By post 4½d.

At All Newsagents' and Bookstalls.

OFFICES:—4, RED LION COURT,

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Contented Spinsters.

In a daily paper recently the proposition has been put forward that all spinsters shall be granted Government relief in their old age. The writer waxes eloquent on the miseries of the unmarried woman, who is described as being without happiness in the present or hope in the future! But surely this tragic condition of despair does not necessarily characterise the frame of mind of the average maiden lady, old or young? Of course, a woman whose one and only aim has been to find a husband does run the risk of becoming embittered by failure, just as a man is often soured when his life-long hope—be it what it may—is never achieved. The fact is, a considerable number of women remain in a state of "single blessedness" from pure choice, echoing the words of that eighteenth century wit, Elisabeth Carter: "Marriage I consider a very good scheme for everybody but myself," or those of Mary Seatoff, the faithful friend of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she declared: "I like not what I have seen of marriage, and would rather remain in my present state." The majority of men labour under the delusion that all young women put affairs of the heart and marriage first and foremost in the scale of importance; yet Mary Seaton herself and the three other Marys who were educated with Mary Stuart, prove that this is not invariably the case. After the young Queen lost her French husband, her four friends made a romantic and tender confederacy not to marry while she remained in her lonely widowed condition. When after five years the Queen wedded Darnley, her maidens were able to show how truly their vow of celibacy had been voluntary, and within eighteen months three of the four had become wives. When in the days of her early youth Queen Elizabeth had declared her reluctance to the idea of marrying, the old gentleman who recounted the conversation expressed the belief that "her words were only prompted by maiden shamefacedness." When, some years later, she resolutely disowned and undid a political action that her favourite Essex, in conspiracy with all her Ministers, had taken against her commands, at the same time announcing—doubtless with flashing eyes and resolute tones—"In this realm of England there shall be but one Mistress and no Master," the most obstinate old gentleman could scarcely have continued to maintain that it was entirely "maiden shamefacedness" that prompted the great Elizabeth to come down to history as "The Virgin Queen."

Limerick Competitions.

Just now everything gives place to the effort of finding the last appropriate lines to the various limerick competitions in which every man, woman and child in the kingdom is rumoured to be "competing." If the amounts distributed by various journals weekly still go on increasing in their present ratio, the winners of first prizes, together with the publishers of rhyming dictionaries, will be in a fair way to be millionaires. To show how the craze has fastened on to the public imagination, limerick competitions are the subject of a special number in a new musical comedy produced a few nights ago. When Father Vaughan returns to town we shall doubtless have a fulmination on the matter, and I should not be surprised if a reference were made to limerick competitions in the King's Speech when Parliament reassembles. But, seriously, I am confident that there will soon be an end to this very foolish business. If the prizes were awarded for the happiest last lines, there might not be so much cause for complaint, but when, as I happen to know, they are nothing more than lotteries, it is time that the law did its duty. To show the insincere way in which some of these competitions are conducted, I will relate an instance which has just come to my knowledge. Two acquaintances of mine each sent in, word for word, the same line; one of them won a handsome prize, whereas the other got nothing. I also happen to know one or two really clever rhymsters who have frequently sent in several smart last lines. They have never won anything, but in the competitions to which they contributed prizes have been awarded for the veriest doggerel.

The Penalty of Success.

We are assured on incontestible authority that every rose has its thorn; so also have the winners of limerick competitions their troubles. A friend of mine's name had no sooner decorated the list of winners in a popular weekly, when his house was besieged by pushful tradespeople, all anxious to sell him of their wares. Every post brought shoals of begging letters and appeals from charitable institutions asking for help. Finally the local parson turned up and insisted upon an interview to beseech assistance for the new chancel fund.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT
OF
SAMUDA'S GREAT LIMERICK.

This Great Competition Closes Oct. 17.

Your Last Opportunity.

£3 per week for Life

If you want to be Independent for Life you must cut out the Entry Form below and send in before October 17th

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

The Judges are: MR. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, Editor of the "Strand Magazine." MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, late Assistant Editor of the "Daily Chronicle." MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, of "The World."

NO ENTRANCE FEE. NO RISK. GUARANTEED PENSION.

ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS ASSURED.

THE COMPETITION.

This is certainly the greatest of all the Limerick competitions. Mr. Samuda will pay £3 per week for life to the actual winner—as consolation prizes he will give £25 each to the solutions deemed second and third in merit by the judges, and to the next in order of merit he will give six prizes of £5 each, also 10 special prizes of £1 each.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the well-known manufacturer of the celebrated "Avoca" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and he has recently placed on the market a new Virginia Cigarette, the "Traylee" Cigarette, which is sold in boxes of 100 at 2s. 6d. As all readers will understand, it is most costly to successfully place any new Cigarette on the market. Most firms spend tens of thousands of pounds before they secure a regular sale. After careful consideration Mr. Samuda decided to establish this Limerick Competition for the express purpose of bringing the "Traylee" Cigarettes prominently before the notice of the British public.

THE CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with a postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage, 2s. 8d. in all, before October 17th. Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay 2s. 6d. per 100, even if they buy them in packets of 10 for 3d. at their tobacconist. As the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarette is far superior to any other Cigarette sold at this price, each competitor gets full value for his money, and without additional cost, outlay or risk, has an opportunity of winning a life-long independency. Every man who smokes Cigarettes should try as a matter of course. It costs him nothing.

THE JUDGES. ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a special competition, and not a weekly feature, every line submitted will be carefully judged by an independent committee, consisting of the following eminent literary men: Mr. H. Greenhough Smith, editor of the "Strand Magazine," Mr. Arthur Lawrence, late Assistant-Editor of the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott, of "The World."

In this way competitors can rest assured that the best line will win. There will be no element of chance about the award, for the judging and consideration of the solutions rest entirely with the independent committee, who have not the slightest interest in Mr. Samuda's business.

IMPORTANT.

Any number of solutions may be sent in before October 17th, providing each solution is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes and the price, including postage, 2s. 8d. Additional lines should be written clearly on a plain sheet of notepaper and pinned to the entry form. Competitors are specially requested not to write letters, as the committee of judges will not have time to read or answer same.

A FINAL WORD.

Smokers should remember that in sending their order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes they secure full value for their remittance, and their chance to win the huge prize of £3 per week for life, or one of the many consolation prizes, does not cost them a single penny. Mr. Samuda fully realises that the quality of the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes when once tried will secure regular smokers and numerous recommendations, so although he cannot expect to realise at the outset more than one-tenth of his investment, he feels confident permanent trade will be established, and in the course of a few years' time the original outlay will thus be covered

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

In the interests of competitors the following points are worth remembering:—

1. An independent committee of judges will decide.
2. Every Limerick sent in will be read and carefully considered. Every solution must be in by October 17th.
3. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
4. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheque will be forwarded on the first of each month afterwards.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, will be eligible to compete.

Any number of solutions may be sent, providing each is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, and the price, 2s. 8d.

REMEMBER—Your last chance is October 17th.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON.

JOHN BULL, No. 3

To the Limerick Committee,
c/o J. SAMUDA & CO.,
24, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

.....190

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send me post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you cannot execute this order you are at liberty to return my solution and money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

Full Name.....

Postal Address.....

Town .....

N.B.—All Orders will be despatched in strict rotation.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

That the "Traylee's" the Best Cigarette,
Is a tip that you cannot regret
And in buying, I'll mention
There's a three-pound-a-week pension.

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Please sign here .....

Address Envelope—
The Limerick Committee,
c/o Messrs. J. SAMUDA & CO.,
24, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

If more than one Solution is sent write same on a plain piece of paper and pin to this entry form (see Rules).

The Strengthening Effect of Electricity.

NO OTHER TREATMENT CAN COMPARE WITH IT.

There are thousands of men going about the world mere pigmies of what they should be, broken down in health both mentally and physically, getting no enjoyment out of life. The man who is weak is an absolute failure. He can accomplish nothing that is worth accomplishing. The man who is strong and robust, on the other hand, has the world before him. Few things to him are impossible; he is eager for work; eager for pleasure. He derives pleasure from the merest details of life. He walks with his head erect, a springy step; he is stamped with that air of confidence which makes him a man. Every weak man can be such a specimen.

The question arises how? Some will say, "I have tried this and that; it did me no good; in fact, it made me worse." Quite so. Many medicines prove more harmful than beneficial in such cases. What the body requires is electricity. It is the motive force of the human machinery. Electricity develops and expands weakened tissue. It is life to the nerves and organs. It fortifies the system against weakness and disease. It drives out weakness by renewing vitality.

For applying electricity to the body in an effective form the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was invented. This wonderful battery is the outgrowth of scientific investigations and discoveries. It is simple to use, and requires no charging. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." Such statements as that carry conviction. The "Ajax" Battery has also been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and is endorsed by JOHN BULL.

The most interesting treatise ever published on this subject is free to all who write for it. Every person who feels that his health is not what it should be, should write for it at once. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring you the book, postage prepaid. To all who can call at the office a free test is offered.—ADVT.

To Asthma Sufferers
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.
Instant relief

WE SAVE YOU POUNDS
In your own interest send for our New, Comprehensive, Money-saving Catalogue, containing illustrations and descriptions of SHEFFIELD MADE
TOOLS FOR ALL TRADES
supplied at the lowest rock bottom prices ever quoted.
We send this remarkable book absolutely FREE on request, and, if you are a Tools user, it will save you pounds. It is the cheapest Tools Catalogue in the World. It illustrates every known Standard Make of Tool, at the Keenest Prices ever printed.
No matter what your trade is, we save you money every time. SEND TO-DAY.
J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Sheffield.

FAIRNESS ASSURED.

The Judging of the Solutions in the Great

£3 A WEEK for LIFE

"LIMERICK"

is now proceeding. Gentlemen of the highest standing are devoting their time to the task. Have you sent in your solution? If not, why not?

FINAL Entry Coupon on Page 329.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Father Vaughan is responsible for "The Sins of Society."——That Mr. Grayson, M.P., is fond of his "bottle."——That "No English Need Apply" is the motto in the Transvaal——That the daily papers are interesting.——That the Sea Serpent is late this year.——That, in consequence of the craze, Limerick is contemplating a change of name.——That the *Daily Mail* has not won the India-rubber.——That Keir Hardie is expected in Zululand, to lead the malcontents.

We don't quite know what to make of this telegram from Marienbad: "Dr. Ott says that during the ten years that he has known the King he has never seen his Majesty in such perfect health. For this reason the 'cure' has been slightly changed." Rather Ott.

The behaviour of the crowd at Marienbad during the recent visit of the King shows that what *can* be a cure must be endured.

The name of a juryman who has been summoned to the City Coroner's Court is Illtoday. We hope he will be better to-morrow, anyhow.

According to a member, whenever the Chairman of the Lambeth Guardians is on his feet he is off his head.

"You've a long jaw," said one Aberystwyth Town Councillor to another. "And you've a long nose," was the retort. We should like to know which has the bigger cheek.

The accident at the Eisteddfod is not to be wondered at. Eight hundred lines in Welsh verse is enough to cause an earthquake.

A writer complains that Shipping Companies are employing too many youths. But they must have buoys.

At a Blackburn Guardians' meeting a speaker said, "two well-fed guardians had failed to do the work set for two inmates, one of whom was one-eyed, and the other looked simple." We are rather in doubt as to whether it was the paupers or the guardians who were afflicted—very few guardians look simple, though they are one-eyed enough when anything is "going on."

The first couple to take advantage of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act have had their pictures in the *Daily Mirror*. Nemesis was swift that time.

The Rev. Canon Joseph Jonathan Dent-Dent has left the earth and £34,381. His death creates a couple of dents which will not be easily filled.

A seven year old boy has just crossed from Canada all on his little lonely. The office of Public Trustee being already filled he will have to seek fortune as a judge of Limericks.

A dentist has been doing good business on board a French liner in the Atlantic. On his next trip he will endeavour to pull the teeth of the gale.

The hopping season is nearly over. Coal jumping still continues.

As a lady was sitting in her garden, a celluloid comb that she was wearing ignited under the rays of the sun. Red-haired ladies please note.

While a Michigan woman was punishing her son with a strap, a dynamite cap in his pocket exploded. She evidently reached the seat of the mischief.

Heading of Carmelite House letter-paper:— "GOOD WORDS. Telegrams, Mistitled, London."

A baby has been born in a railway train on the way to London. Looks like being rather fast from its birth.

COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS:—

An excellent method of preserving eggs is to keep your fowls from straying in your neighbour's garden.

To Clarify a Crowded Room.—Onions or Hollands gin in large quantities. Breathe freely.

To Remove a Ring from the Finger.—Contrive to meet the lady of your choice when her younger sister has just had a new dress, and your best friend refused you a loan. Select some trivial matter for disagreement, and work it up well until you have a good healthy young quarrel. Then gnash your teeth well—this will not be found difficult of accomplishment after a little practice—especially if they are false—and rush from the house, taking good care to bring a few odd bits of ceiling down as you close the door. The ring should arrive not later than the next post.

Welsh "Rabbit."—First catch your hare. Having achieved this hit it over the head and stup it, and carefully dissect it. Next take two (shop) new-laid eggs, and mix in the legs and wings of the young chicks, first taking good care to fix a clothes peg tightly over your nose. Add a teaspoonful of Germ Destroyer and a pinch of snuff. Bake to a delicate green, and stand outside that it may bark and keep burglars away.

"I am paralysed and can't speak," declared a man charged at Kingston. His sentence was pronounced for him.

Lord St. Aldwyn explains that his challenge to walk any man of his age a mile was a joke. We doubt if he would find it so.

Pickpockets are said to be working the "tube" lifts. The remedy is the "tube" stare.

Professor Larkin, of California, condemning the marriage system, says that life-unions are a crime. But he's only larkin'.

MORE UNNATURAL HISTORY:—

Lark.—A kind of game, generally to be seen at night, on the Spree. Very fond of mud. Habits flighty. Tastes rather coarse.

Duck.—A near relative of the Cricket and the Bat. Very prevalent at the Oval. Though often bold it may be caught, but is considered poor sport.

Bear.—A pessimistic creature of the Bull species. Fond of bruin trouble. Causes great damage to property.

Bull.—An optimistic animal of the same family, with a "ready" way of settling "differences."

Ram.—Makes a good butter. Of a pushing nature, and popular as a naval pet.

Wasp.—A waistful insect of lacey habits. Temper uncertain, but curiously enough, likes being squeezed. Though often tight, is of staid appearance.

Roe.—There are two kinds, hard and soft. Both very deer. May be caught with lines. The London variety is often Rotten.

Earwig.—Has no ears and does not wear a wig, hence the name.

Narroway Heaven was a name revealed in the revision of the North Hackney voters' lists. Broadway Destruction is being looked for in the Central Hackney lists.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is angry because a charge was made to hear him preach at Llandudno. Hasn't he "given himself away" enough already?

"The Peace Conference has been like an Irish wake" says a Vienna paper. If so, an Irish wake must be a sleepy affair.

The Mere Guardians make a profit of 9d. on every able-bodied tramp. The workhouse mat doubtless has "Welcome" inscribed upon it.

The Bishop of Southwark fired a dozen shots at the Reigate Rifle Club recently, but his bullets, like his beliefs, showed a tendency to Rome.

A man sentenced last week at Clerkenwell was proved to have stolen over one hundred ladders. He wanted to get up in the world.

The Rev. C. M. Sheldon wants to start a line of temperance steamers. But don't the present ones exist entirely on water?

A Pennsylvania man has received £9,000 for the loss of an arm. We know men who have lost their heads for much less.

According to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, our three great dramatists to-day are Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, and Oscar Wilde. What's happened to Jones?

The Labour members have been to Bath. Shall we see any more black-legs?

We have cricket at the Oval. We are now to have billiards *on* it.

The *Mirror* has been giving away fireworks to children. We expect they were crackers.

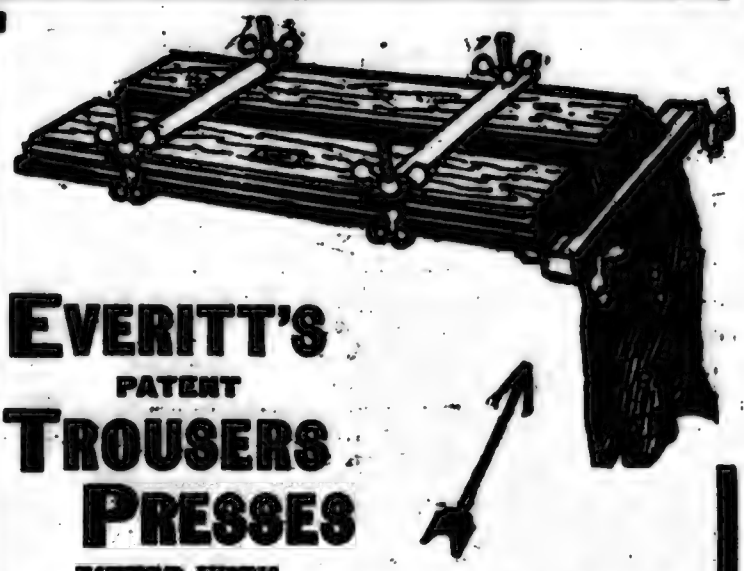
The tender of a Glasgow firm for making a dam at Neath reservoir has been accepted. The other contractors will now doubtless make one free of charge.

Not caring for Limericks, the *Referee* has been trying "Corks" and "Dublins." But wouldn't Ulsters be more suitable this weather?

At Kingston a policeman described a prisoner as "behaving more like a madman than an insane person," which all goes to prove how careful and reliable a constable can be when he likes.

As a "human document," Ellen Terry's "Life" gets more interesting each week. "I had a perfect mania for washing everything and everybody. We had one little servant, and I insisted on washing her head. After the washing I fed the animals. There were 200 ducks and fowls to feed." The poor wretched girl *must* have felt light-headed.

Eighty-five pounds of snuff will be used by the inmates of St. George's workhouse during the ensuing year. After all, life in the union is not one to be sneezed at.



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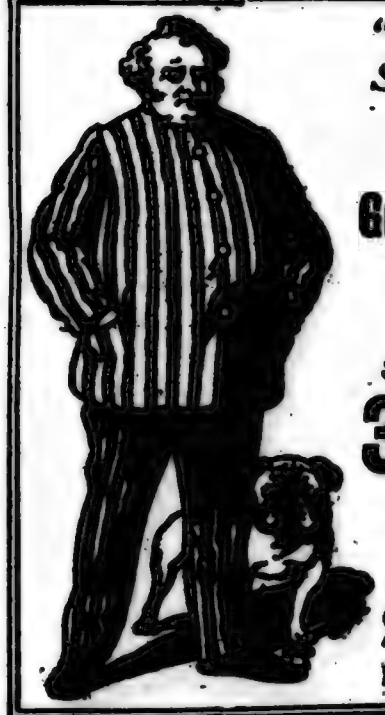

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Great Sale Proceeding

Ceylon Wool Pyjamas.

Sale Price—
3 for 20/- *Post Free,*

Sample, 6/11.
Post. 3d.

Swan & Edgar Ltd.
Piccadilly & Regent St., W.

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(Established 1870.)
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Assets, £1,607,960. Liabilities, £1,236,371. Surplus, £371,678.
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Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
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THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

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NOTE OF HAND ALONE. No Bills of Sale taken.

Before applying elsewhere, write to or call upon actual lenders,
FIELDINGS,
12, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.
Bills discounted. NO FEES.

PEARKS'

STRONG,

FRAGRANT,

ECONOMICAL

TEA

On Page 329 will be found the Last Notice of
The Great £3 a Week for Life "Limerick."
It will not appear again in this paper.
CUT OUT AND SEND YOUR SOLUTION BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!!

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY

FROM £20 TO £5,000	For short or long periods in town or country, on Note of Hand, without Surety or Security. Repayments to suit clients' convenience. No inquiry fees. Strictest privacy. Interviews unnecessary. Cash sent by post. Bills discounted.
'Phone: 0713 Central.	CHARLES STEVENS & CO., 13, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

We heartily thank the many readers who have written expressing good wishes towards us in regard to the prosecution. Some of them make ingenious and amusing suggestions, for which we hope to find space in this column in an early issue.

W. N. (Stoke Newington).—Some time ago we inquired into the *bonâ fides* of Hapgoods, and satisfied ourselves that the firm was a genuine one.

"Rex" (Cricklewood).—We do not know whether the Colonising and Farmers' Help Association, 47, Victoria Street, S.W., is "a *bonâ fide* institution to the extent of finding a situation for females in Sydney, New South Wales, and assisting same with passage." Mr. Preedy, the Inquiry Officer of the New South Wales Government Agency, 123, Cannon Street, E.C., could probably tell you.

"Exiled Briton" (Cape Town).—We have already announced that we allow a fair extension of time to foreign and Colonial readers for the claiming of "fivers." Thanks for compliments.

"140701" (Glasgow), H. S. (Redcar), and W. C. (West Ham) have covers bearing numbers very near the winning ones, "but not quite." Hard luck! W. C. suggests that he ought to have a suit as a consolation prize. We are quite agreeable, but Messrs. Curzon probably would not be.

"Veritas" (Exeter).—Have nothing to do with Seymour and Whiteman, moneylenders, 32, Walbrook.

W. H. B. (Peterborough).—We think nothing of "the enclosed," because you enclosed nothing.

G. A. C. (Cullercoats).—People who give credit should first ascertain the status of their clients. No one forces a tradesman to take risks unless he chooses.

E. L. (London, N.W.).—You cannot sue as you agreed to accept the editor's decision as final. Besides, your line does not scan, and Jonah, whatever may have happened to him, was not swallowed by a shark.

H. L. L. (Kilburn).—We have already dealt with this very simple point. The answer is 50 per cent., and we decline to argue about it any more.

H. C. (Blandford Square).—We have already dealt with Irish church lotteries.

Bullite (Kensal Park).—See previous answer.

H. E. (Long Melford) objects to our criticising the Conservative leader. We did not know there was one. Where is he and when did he appear? Bless our souls, we criticise everybody who deserves it, whatever his politics or creed. H. E. cannot have read all our numbers very carefully.

R. W. (Dolgelly) tells us an anecdote of a candidate, who was objected to on the ground that, being young, he had not sown all his wild oats. He replied that he would sow them in the House, where there were many geese to pick them up. That must have been in the last Parliament.

A. G. W. (Hackney), after compliments (which are much appreciated) asks the value of a bound copy of the *London Chronicle* for the last six months of 1784. He asks if it is worth a fiver or a biscuit. We offer a biscuit. Any advance?

M. C. (Kenilworth).—When Mrs. Bull puts victuals into a saucepan, it is presumably with the idea of cooking them.

The Hon. Secretary of the Middle Classes Defence Organisation (Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand) sends us some interesting facts about the Socialist propaganda.

Dik Tate (Gateshead) sends a report of a police court blunder at Sunderland. A prisoner was sentenced to three months for drunkenness and assault. Then it was discovered that the wrong prisoner had been sentenced. He was fined 2s. 6d. for being drunk, and the three months were passed on to the real culprit. The British police are the best in the world, but they must be more careful if they wish to keep their high reputation.

L. C. H. (Birmingham) is disgusted to find that a clergyman left £34,481 17s. 6d. Oddly enough, we happened to know him. He was a good fellow, and had inherited his money.

B. S. (Forest Gate).—Why not give the Government a chance?

J. C. H. (Prescot).—We know nothing of the Waterloo Pen Company (42, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.), and are not impressed by their circular.

D. R. (Merthyr Tydvil).—Certainly not.

F. W. S. (Tulse Hill).—It is not sufficient to be silly to get a biscuit.

J. G. H. (Bow).—Why?

A. L. (London, W.C.) has no opinion of the Empire Mercantile Agency (96, Holborn), or of the Employers' General Bureau. Perhaps other readers will confirm.

W. G. H. (East Ham).—We are becoming familiar with your intricate handwriting. Your requests have been passed on to the right quarter. Jim wants to know why you have ceased singing . . . his praises.

C. R. (Dublin).—We wish we had more readers like you.

W. S. (Small Heath) wants a winning number posted privately, and offers to spend £2 10s. in copies for distribution among his friends. What philanthropy, and what a pity we cannot prophesy!

"A Reader" (West Norwood) sneers at the *Daily News* for a placard with "Two Years of Liberalism: Cheaper Soap." "What a record!" he exclaims. Well, some of us still use soap.

F. K. (Glasgow) sends us a penny dreadful called the *Aldine Cheerful Library*, which seems anything but cheerful.

J. McL. (Edinburgh) says we did him a disinterested service a year ago, and he rewards us with a picture postcard of Andrew Carnegie's birth place. We are not infatuated with Carnegie, but we are always happy to hear from old friends.

H. W. (London, W.C.) draws our attention to a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* about "slack mothers," signed by "a mother of forty-five." No wonder she regards her less prolific sisters as slack!

W. F. (Coldstream, N.B.).—Some "obvious misprints" are funny. Others are not.

L. A. T. R. de L. (Forest Hill).—Sorry you were disappointed, but your lines do not scan.

"DOGGY" (Peterborough).—Scarcely of sufficient public importance outside Peterborough.

V. G. S. (Birmingham).—Thanks. Already noted.

C. A. G. (London, N.E.) sends an extract from the *Evening Standard*: "The white pine . . . . has entirely disappeared from the States bordering on the Great Lakes. But the cutting goes on." It is evidently the moment to repine.

"A WORKINGTONIAN" points out that we wrote Warrington for Workington. Sorry we were so silly.

G. S. E. (London, N.) quotes a statement from *Answers* that fifty million soap-bubble films would be required to make an inch. We suppose Lord Northcliffe measured them.

P. E. B. (London, N.) quarrels with the *Evening News* for advertising parrots as musical instruments. We will ask Mr. Pearson about it.

"AN OLD WOOD-CARVER" (Balham), aged 80, sends us his reminiscences and political reflections. As is usual at his time of life, he thinks the old times were best. But we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us of hardships in the days of the old corn laws.

E. W. (London, E.C.) sends an advertisement of a football match, and we read that "a portion of the gate will be given to the Lord Mayor's Cripple Fund." E. W. wants to know if it will be used to make crutches. Why not splints?

C. J. B. (Hull) wants a biscuit for a mummer who fought Richard III.'s battle on Salisbury plain. Fancy fighting it anywhere!

G. H. J. (Herne Hill).—Our old eyes cannot read such small print. Besides, why discourage youthful confidence? Time will do that only too fast.

"ANNO DOMINE" (New Kent Road) awards us biscuits for discontinuing Roland Hamilton's stories. Just now somebody else was grumbling that we gave too much fiction. Who is editing this paper?

K. (Leeds).—We had already heard that the Safe Deposit Co. (Chancery Lane) were sometimes unduly deliberate in disbursing 5s. rewards to finders of keys.

W. P. (London, S.E.) warns our readers against catch-penny advertisements for vocalists. The matter seems worth inquiring into, but we should require further details before we embarked upon a campaign.

J. Q. (Glasgow) does not think a lecture on "the real King Arthur" ought to have been announced as part of a course on Scottish history. But surely all great men have always been Scotsmen more or less (or will be when they die).

E. H. K. (Paulstown) cites another injustice to Ireland: None of our fivers have yet gone to the green island. He adds: "Tell Jim Crow to send on his stickyback." Jim declares that his back is no longer sticky. He has just had his annual bath. It would surely be a heresy to take meat instead of alcohol on Fridays.

J. W. S. (Sutton).—The *Express* has eaten its full share of our biscuits, but we cannot understand how "the royal box was scarcely empty when the English and Americans also walked out." It could not have been empty while they were still there, could it?

"SANDY" (Edinburgh).—We should not be surprised if some papers do already "disgorge prize-money from their own coffers" in order to beat the record of their rivals in stupidity.

G. H. L. (Birmingham) threatens to write a Limerick if he does not soon get one of our fi-pun notes. Otherwise he writes a sane, lucid, clever letter. We will try to wake up Wales, but we despair of Brummagem.

J. G. G. (Ballymahon).—Mrs. Bull, as her name implies, is wedded to the paper. So now you know.

P. R. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for toast, but we are not a two-bottle man. Probably, however, "a good girl and a pretty one" are two persons, so there will be several to help us.

"A READER FROM THE START" sent 2s. to the Shy-nall Chemical Company (75, Queen Victoria Street) for a "life-size doll," and received a piece of linen a yard square, with the figure of a doll painted on it. This is an old trick.

MORISON'S ADVERTISING AGENCY (74, Lowgate, Hull) disclaim any connection with Morrison and Co. (French Chambers, Queen's Dock Side, Hull).

"DANGER SIGNAL" (Leeds) has been puzzled to find out our political leanings. This is refreshing, as other readers have blamed us for taking sides. "Danger Signal" says that, if we will tell him our favourite food and colour, he will sum us up to a T. Very well, we will answer gulyas to the food query, and purple for the colour. He has invented a new game for tramcars. You enter with a friend and a copy of this paper, over which you whisper, laugh heartily, and pretend to grow indignant. Finally, when your fellow-passengers are roused to the utmost curiosity, you leave us on the seat and hop out. That is what we call philanthropy.

A. J. (Dalston) and W. J. (Walworth).—It was a photographic reproduction of the original. Our printer never misprints.

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Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF
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CAN PRODUCE.
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NO QUALITY EQUAL
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CHIEF OFFICES:

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

L. E. (Brondesbury) thinks the following advertisement might be of use to Jim Crow: "Required, Resident Helper in cats' home. Strong, abstainer." What is he to abstain from? Besides, he is Jim, not Tom.

O. K. (London, N.) asks about a firm of carriers, Mory and Co. (Butler Street, Milton Street, E.C.). If they do collect carriage at both ends, it is certainly not O.K.

E. A. L. (Antwerp) says that, if he were a public man, he would rather hang himself "than concede to the rotten taste of the public in publishing such a horrible rot" as our short stories. What a pity he is not a public man. But we thank him for teaching us the phrase "a horrible rot." Foreigners are never so funny as when they try to talk English slang.

A. F. G. (High Holborn).—Glad to hear our popularity is sprouting at Brussels.

T. J. (Margate) has no opinion of the competitions in *London Opinion*. We are surprised to hear it.

B. W. (Wrexham).—We reciprocate your friendship, and hope to become your constant reader also.

H. B. A. (Cardiff) sends a cutting, and asks "the wicket-keeper" of our biscuits "How's that?" The answer is: Out of biscuits; but the umpire is jealous. Meanwhile we are stumped.

H. G. F. (Aberdeen) offered some valuable foreign stamps to "the well-known firm of Messrs. Butler Bros. of Clevedon." They asked to see the stamps, and he sent them by registered post. Since then he has never heard a word. Perhaps one of the "bros." will explain.

G. F. S. (Clapham).—"A son. By cable" sounds funny. There is no keeping pace with modern inventions.

"Nez" (Blandford).—If you had let us know earlier, we would have invited veterans to attend your fête. The firm you ask about is still at 5, Wells Street, Oxford Street.

H. H. (Buxton).—Thanks for thanking us for our thanks. As many Moore as you like.

W. T. (Leeds) is very fond of us, and has been accused of John Bull worship, which sounds better than that of the golden calf. We have already referred to Bile Beans, etc. Why should it imply want of education for a woman to have her ears pierced? The operation is said to be good for the eyesight. W. T. sends us a "bull" he "can't bear." It is a statement (by the *Yorkshire Evening News*) that "Little Tich can dance in several languages." We had heard of dancing eyes, but a dancing tongue sounds rather loquacious.

J. H. (Hornsey Road) says an accident happened on August 25th, and was described by the *Daily Mirror* on September 2nd as having occurred "yesterday." But we have known some editors to be far less accurate than that.

T. W. F. (Hackney).—We are sorry to find *Grocery* falling into the elementary error about the percentage of profit. The *Church Missionary Society Gazette* seems to be much quicker at figures, does it not?

"Gyfarllwyd" (Hindley).—Even old Homer nods sometimes. We gladly excuse your English, but not your pen-name. Continue to love us still, and you will gy far.

"Rumania" (Poplar) wants us to drop fiction, but others are clamouring for more. We will do our best to satisfy everybody. Crow returns the compliment, but keeps the change.

G. W. (Great Yarmouth).—Fi!

X. X. X. (Kensington) has special knowledge of continental book-keeping, and wants to know if any of our readers would care to take lessons from him. What he does not know about commercial operations abroad is not worth knowing. The lessons would be given in the French language.

E. H. K. (Southall) submits a difficult point. Over three years ago his wife took a child (aged three weeks) from the Orphanage of Mercy, Kilburn. For the first six months they had a terrible struggle to keep it alive. They watched it night and day, and it was fine and healthy at the age of three years. Then he had grown to love it, and in spite of all protestations he had to part with it. We fear he has no legal claim to the custody of the child, but if he will send us the terms of his original agreement with the Orphanage, we will see what we can do.

G. I. (Maidenhead).—The present Vicar of Bray seems to be more consistent than the gentleman in the song.

W. T. B. (Ramsbottom).—We do not think any classical writer ever used "very" with a past participle, but after having our attention drawn to some of Shakespeare's bad grammar (for instance "different to") we hesitate to dogmatise. Certainly "very pleased" offends the ear.

F. W. S. (Shanklin).—Yes, it was a pity to advertise under "Situations vacant" when your friend wanted to fill one. What is a "Blake sewer?"

D. K. (Walthamstow) has been having high arguments with his friends, and wants us to say whether England or any other power would intervene if the Tsar were assassinated by influential persons in Russia. We hope Russians will refrain from assassination, but there would certainly be no interference if the precedent of Servia were followed. Diplomatic relations might be suspended for a little while, but that would probably be all.

A. L. S. (Oxford) sends us up a cover bearing a winning number, but from an issue of the wrong date. Hard luck!

"Constant Reader" (Roodepoort, Transvaal).—We allow a reasonable extension of time to foreign and Colonial readers in which to make claim for the £5 notes, and a statement to this effect has already appeared. Glad to hear that we are "taking on very well" out there.

"Bohn Jull" (Malvern).—It all depends what you signed.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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This is, perhaps, the greatest advantage of all. No client can possibly get out of his depth; no client, however adverse things may be on the Stock Exchange, can lose more than the amount of his deposit, whilst if things are prosperous

His PROFITS are from 10 to 100 times greater than if he dealt through a Broker

for the simple reason that for the same money he is controlling from ten to a hundred times as much stock.

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The following amounts were recently paid to clients acting on our Weekly Recommendations—

10 Cheques Average £100 each.

Cheques.	Initials.		£	s.	d.	Cheques.	Initials.		£	s.	d.
B91445	W.W.T.	...	72	0	0	B91492	A.J.	...	75	0	0
B88412	W.W.T.	...	85	0	0	C23089	A.S.R.	...	67	10	0
C21217	G.F.P.	...	184	14	0	C21708	G.H.H.	...	245	0	0
C22897	F.S.G	...	169	0	0	516	F.S.G.	...	80	0	0
503	J.W.P.	...	60	0	0	503	S.S.F.	...	80	10	0

WE HAVE PAID AWAY OVER 1,000 CHEQUES WITHIN THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

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London Wall, 712
(5 lines).
Wires: Natsharex, London.

Please forward me gratis, and post free, your list of 1,000 cheques (certified by Chartered Accountants) paid to Clients acting on your Weekly Advice. Also send me your booklet, "The Science of Money-Making," showing how, with from £3 and upwards, close upon £15,000 has recently been made, and FURNISH ME WITH LATEST ADVICE.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

Can he equal Victor Tabor?

Capt. F. Barrett is the crack amateur horseman in India.

By Taking Under the Odds.

How we do get to know the different bookmakers' voices!

Great solution.

No matter how bad a week one has, he can always "get out"—by paying.

A safeguard.

Photo tickets for cash bookmakers are being adopted considerably round the Midlands.

True.

Jockeys vow that if they are out of luck they wouldn't win with 2st. in hand. Ask Madden!

Oh, Tirara!

Mr. Spencer Gollan is an extraordinary all-round athlete, and a dabster at anything but cricket.

Biblical.

Who is the bookmaker who invariably says 5 to 2 (or whatever the odds) on the "blessed" field?

Treat it as a business.

Most of the S.P. bookies simply never go racing, some of them having no interest in it, and no knowledge of horses.

In case of objection.

In South African racing the judge invariably puts up the number of the fourth horse in a prominent position for all to see.

Not the Metropole.

Ask Hallick, the trainer, to tell you his jocular experience in regard to accommodation when arriving at Pontefract late at night.

No place to bet at.

Newmarket, among stay-at-home backers, is known as the "graveyard," owing to uncertainty of what may run, and as nearly everything has "arrived."

The invariable.

How often when we try to put anyone on a winner, and lose our OWN money over it, do they tell us (after the race) that "they fancied the winner" themselves.

A dodge.

Forty-eight sovs. is the most general fee for sires, and for cheaper ones 9 gs., the idea being to just miss the £50 and £10 respectively, for the sake of breeding allowances.

No void wagers.

All bets made on a racecourse AFTER the numbers have once been hoisted should certainly stand. We like to beat—not wrong—our friends the enemy.

Competition is keener.

Our leading jockeys do well if they get beyond the century of winners each season, while only T. Loates has ever equalled Fred Archer's exceeding the double century.

Callous.

Some owners and trainers will stand next to a man, supposedly a friend, and see him wantonly throw his money away on one of their own horses that they know is "not out."

Compare with our charges.

The entrance to the most perfect of racecourses, enclosures, stands, etc., in South America is only 2 dols., and to include the paddocks 5 dols. or 3 dols. extra, which also gives access to separate stands, betting rings, etc., etc.

We couldn't all resist going.

How remarkable it is that a number of people—invariably the same little set—go to the railway termini from which the race specials are starting time after time merely to "see" people and enquire the news without ever intending to go themselves.

Their favourite blends.

The two best known French racing jackets on this side are M. Ephrussi's dark blue and yellow spots, and M. Caillault's yellow and blue sleeves. It is noticeable how invariably French jackets are blue or yellow—or both.

True!

All the money nowadays on racecourses, or in the clubs, is going to the "big" men, be they backers or bookmakers. A few of the smaller bookmakers are "making a living," but everybody else practically "subscribes."

All must count.

It is not generally known that everything (except shoes) which a horse carries, even his bandages, can, if necessary, be utilised to make up weight in the scale.

Miniature sport.

Rangoon Races, which are held very frequently, are confined to ponies, the highest animal nominated as a rule being 14 hands. In some events, 11 and 12 hand ponies compete, carrying weights from 6st. to 9st.

"Kitty."

Racing expenses are so heavy that one is compelled to become callous to them. The racegoer's logical argument is that if you are winning it does not matter, while if losing one becomes indifferent and unaffected by making things a "trifle worse."

Better support now.

It is remarkable that, Newbury excepted, all the leading race meetings, particularly the Metropolitan park fixtures, such as Hurst Park, Sandown, and Kempton, experienced vicissitudes in their early days, and at one time—especially Hurst Park—looked like "going under."

Surpass us in detail.

French sporting journals give daily tables of the general press prognostications, winding up with a summary of the horses most generally chosen for each race, and further adding the first three in the same event the previous year.

Newbury.

When we say that the Berkshire meeting achieved its customary success, it means that everything, from the luck of the weather down to the smallest detail, was as complete as any executive could wish. All the handicaps fared well, the one failure being the rich Kingsclere Stakes—a walk-over in every sense for Galvani. The Cup, of course, had a deal—although not the fullest expected—of bearing upon the Cesarewitch. I would venture the opinion that, unless Demure, who was unlucky, improves considerably, there is nothing that ran last week capable of winning the Newmarket long race, for The Page is only a very second-rater, and for years has been one of the middle-class long distance handicap performers. Surely the new blood can beat this old standing form. Moreover, St. Day—who is only a plater—looked like winning the Newbury race a ¼-mile from home, and if he can be so prominent in any field for two miles, his opponents must be of very poor account.

The Cesarewitch.

There will be ample time next week to analyse this event fully. It is already crumbling, and must do so still more, for the hard ground prevents horses being trained, and nothing can win a Cesarewitch half fit. Even if rain should come now it is too near the day to enable trainers to get their candidates ready, and if they try to do so hurriedly, it would be all the more impossible. The horses that have done the most regular and consistent preparation are Royal Dream, Madame de Soubise, and Fabric, but without discussing matters now, I am quite content to plump for one horse only

ROYAL DREAM.

who must be supported to win and place, for I am convinced that whatever beats Mr. Joel's horse will win. As to coupling him with something for the Cambridgeshire, I am similarly content with a single string—

MALUA.

Orfor a second choice would take the erratic

GOLD RIACH.

Malua may run in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton,

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This Announcement

WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

in which case he would have to be backed, despite the certainty that Polymelus is to be one of his opponents.

Double event sequences of owners, trainers, and jockeys marked last week's racing. At Lingfield it was most unusual to see Lewes horses winning flat races, but Tom Smith's crackers went off three times—even granting that Whistling Rufus was a little lucky to beat Crusader for the handicap.

Queen's Cup has been a very long time winning for Mr. R. Wright, who—despite its being stated contrarily—is the same man who owned Adair, although trained by Geo. Allan and carrying his colours.

Higgs.

The jockey of the season, by reason alone of his emphatic lead in the winning list, is W. Higgs, who last week equalled a record which is most uncommon in riding five winners in one afternoon. I can recall little J. E. Watts in his zenith as a light weight doing this at Windsor, but do not think that any horseman has quite equalled Higgs's feat having regard to what racing is nowadays. Newbury is certainly the most important meeting at which the achievement has ever been accomplished. Higgs is getting on—as far as jockeys of the day are concerned—having turned 30; Nowadays we do not see bearded veterans riding, as was the case in the days of Osborne, Fordham, and Cannon. He is a married man, whose rise to fame—as usual with jockeys—has been absolutely meteoric; for four years ago he was practically unknown. His chance came late in life, for unless a boy makes his name as a light-weight, his launching as a jockey rarely comes. Higgs served his apprenticeship with the late J. R. Humphreys, and then went to the late J. Chandler before ever being put up in public. And after being disgusted with life as a stable lad he really decided upon giving the game up and had partially put the idea into effect. It was his fate, moreover, to be persuaded by a fellow lad to return—and putting up with the drudgery a little longer he then went to Ireland. This was the stepping-stone to success, for he met the sporting solicitor, Mr. J. C. Sullivan, who launched him as a jockey, and then brought him to England, so that it was only appropriate that the chief of his successes last week should have been in that gentleman's colours. Higgs's nickname when in the stables was "Manch." He rides short, but is very strong, and always goes in for a deal of arm work however easily he wins.

Prophetic.

Newmarket always spells quietude for stay-at-homes' fancy will, of course, win to-day's (Thursday) Jockey Club Stakes, whilst

MARLOW,

is a "good thing" for Friday's October Handicap.

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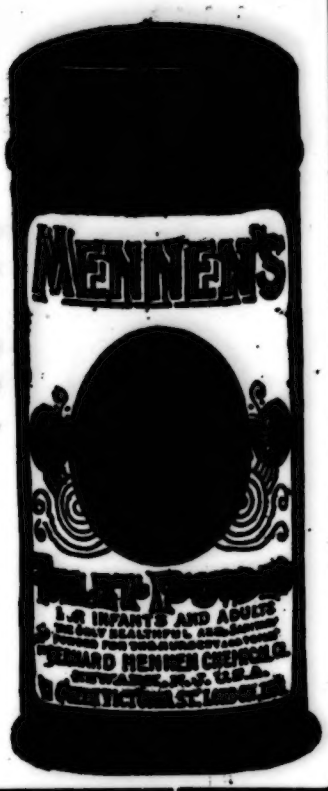

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